FILM

at conscription

THEY WANT TO TAKE YOUR JOB AWAY!

CONSCRIPTION of whom for what? Compulsory service—if that sounds pretty—by whom, in whose interests? Let's look.

Money poured out of the City of London yesterday, New York bound, as wealthy folk (many of them heavy contributors to Government funds and doubtless conscription advocates to a man) rushed their money to safety at dangerous hour.

Going to conscript them, Mr. Chamberlain?

✦ ✦ ✦

Look again.

The country is in danger. You can make a present it for 17s. 6d. and make a nice

bucket which is all the richest country in the world can run in in the protection line.

One week ago we had ...

THE TIMES THURSDAY MARCH 17 1938

HITLER'S TRIUMPH IN BERLIN

REICHSTAG TO MEET TO-MORROW

DIPLOMATIC UNEASINESS

From Our Correspondent

BERLIN, MARCH 16

Herr Hitler returned in triumph to Berlin this evening and received from immense, jubilant crowds the ovation due to an empire builder.

Almost the first thing Herr Hitler did after his return was to summon the Reichstag for Friday evening. It was reported that a Cabinet meeting was to take place ... confirmation is yet available ... reason to believe, ... unexpected re... with serious ... situation.

DUCE ON THE COUP

NO DANGER FOR ITALY

FIRMNESS OF THE AXIS

From Our Own Correspondent

ROME, MARCH 16

Signor Mussolini spoke to-day in the Chamber of Deputies on the union of Austria with Germany. The speech, which had been announced yesterday and was widely broadcast, was clearly intended to dispel the apprehension aroused in Italy by the German action. It aimed at showing, first, that what had happened was inevitable, and, secondly, that Italy had ... and was notably free ... to fear from it. It was a well-... offence ...

NAZI PURGE IN AUSTRIA

HARASSED JEWS

GROWING ROLL OF SUICIDES

From Our Special Correspondent

VIENNA, MARCH 16

The roll of suicides, most of which are not reported here, grows daily longer. This morning Major Emil Fey, Vice-Chancellor of Austria under Dr. Dollfuss and until yesterday president of the Danube Steam Navigation Company, ... found dead in his ...

ALIGHTING WITH NO PILOT

BOMBER LANDED BY ONE OF CREW

From Our Aeronautical Correspondent

The unusual adventure of a non-pilot who landed a fast bomber without injury to himself or his companion after the pilot in charge of the machine had left by parachute lies behind the award, just announced, of the Air Force Medal to Corporal T. E. Barnes, of the Royal Air Force.

The adventure ... a flight ...

Reichstag

POLISH FRONTIER TENSION

"I BELIEVE that we shall best serve British interests, peace and the cause of freedom"

PAGE 8 ... CES AGAIN

ONE P...

THURSDAY, MA...

BARCELONA AIR RAID AGONY

FOUR HOURS OF DEATH IN THE DARK: BIG NEW RAID TO-

Huge Death-roll: Barr... in Flames

"FRANCO SHALL NO..."

Paris Report ...

TROOPERS AGAIN!

...ESS MARCH 17, 1938

...ERO,

FEY, 'STRONG MAJOR,' KILLS HIMSELF

Shoots Wife And Son

VIENNA Wednesday ...

6,000 FRENCH FOR SPAIN FRONTI...

From Daily Mail Cor...

EXTRAORDINARY ... by the Fren... may arise if th... It is believed ... sway there wo... Six thousand me...

DANGER OF DRUG SCARCITY

From the Medical Correspondent

WAR at present might deprive the British Empire of drugs essential for the treatment of blood-poisoning, puerperal (child-bed) fever, syphilis, malaria, sleeping sickness and other serious diseases.

To prevent this the Medical Research Council, according to its annual report published yesterday, is to start research on a national basis into chemotherapy — the destruction of germs by chemical disinfectants in the blood.

£30,000 A YEAR

In spite of our vast tropical interests, says the report, we are almost entirely dependent upon Germany for the supply of these drugs.

The Government is granting £30,000 a year for this research, but the first year's instalment will be taken up with building laboratories and offices.

The new Chemotherapy Institute is to be attached to the National Institute for Medical Research when it is built at Mill Hill.

L.M.S. Dismiss 100 Men For 'Economy'

THE L.M.S. Railway Company are to discharge about 100 men from their Crewe locomotive works this week owing to shortage of material and limitation of capital expenditure.

This decision was yesterday conveyed to a works committee which is a negotiating body between employees and the management.

Alderman John Smith, chairman of the committee, said he expected about 400 men would be taken from the existing slump, 20 from the machine shop, 75 from the tender shop and the remainder from other departments.

To avoid hardship, the majority of the men to be discharged would be single men and those who were juniors in service.

Efforts would be made by the trade unions to secure employment for the men in armament work.

There are over 6,000 men in the company's works at Crewe.

...orsey Wall Holds

...000-yard wall across the breach ...Horsey sandhills on which men ...orking night and day held last ...night against the full mean tides ...of January a great victory over the ...sea the Dutch began.

...surre...

...Barcelona, ...which I am...

...Inside the ... children—Dr. Ala... called to appeal ... measures" of national... which the Cabinet discuss... night.

Suddenly the cheers of the crowd were frozen to silence by the warning note of the air-raid alarm, followed almost at once by the first explosion of the bombs.

That was three hours ago. ... since then—while a million people have huddled in the air-raid shelters—the city has re...

G.P.O. GIRLS' GAS DRILL

Things To Do NOW

perhaps for several hours until the ... in the neighbourhood has been cle... away.

Although I am addressing this ... vice primarily to you, Mr. Carring... you might like to pass it on to fri... who have smaller or larger houses. ... I give you the experts' estimate th... room 15ft. by 10ft. will hold seven ... sons, and a room 20ft. by 12ft. 12 ... none for a continuous period of 12 h... without ventilation.

AVOID PANIC

The Air Raid Precautions ... have thought of everyone in ... plans to make Britain safe—you, ... Carrington, and those who cannot ... aspire to a home such as yours. ... scheme of defence must embrace ... sections of the community. It is ... old, old story of "United we stand ...

If you have your double ... practicability of a refuge room ... ber that any room within solid ... is safer than being out in the ...

Panic must be avoided at ... costs. And there will be no ... for panic if you realise ... possibilities ...

Heavy Stock Slump— More Big Losses

From the City Editor

STOCK markets had another depressing day yesterday, every section showing further falls. The pace of the decline was, if anything, accelerated, and among industrial shares especially the losses on the day were severe.

Here are some typical movements:

Associated Cements lost 3s. 9d. on the day and 20s. 6d. on the week; Imperial Chemicals 1s. 6d. down on the day and 2s. 3d. on the week; Imperial Tobacco 1s. 3d. down on the day and 2s. 3d. on the week.

War Loan closed at 99½, marked ... on Tuesday and ... a week ago were 99¾, 100 to ... and some of this figure would hardly be sold.

Dollars and gold have received the benefit of the ill wind which has struck the markets. Dollars were again in demand from all over the world yesterday, and in London they improved from 4.99½ to 4.99¼.

Inside News

1. Tribute to lay magistrates.
3. John and Gwen make the King laugh.
3. Labour shortage on the canals.
7. £1,500 fine for income tax frauds.
11. Woman lead rush of A.R.P. volunteers.
11. Danger of drug shortage.
11. Publishers recall a novel.
12. Labour demands Lord Swinton's dismissal.
15. Prayer rejects conscription.
15. Inquiry into coal distribution.

TODAY'S WEATHER (MAR...

STOCK EXCHANGE

NERVOUS AND DEPRESSED

ALL-ROUND FALL

Although there was a virtual absence of rumours such as those which served to disturb the Stock Exchange on Tuesday, markets ... yesterday were again in a highly ner... ... Hopes that the ... might attract ...

MONEY

DOLLARS IN...

RALLY IN ...

The state of ... prevailed yesterday ... in the foreign ex... persistent and wi... dollars. From the ... in the opening dea... ... in the late aft...

THURSDAY, The Daily Mail, MA...

forget it all at the pictures

—for choice ONE OF THE BERNSTEIN "service-with-a-smile" THEATRES . . . . .

GRANADA	TOOTING
GRANADA	WALTHAMSTOW
GRANADA	WOOLWICH
GRANADA	CLAPHAM JUNCTION
GRANADA	BEDFORD
GRANADA	EAST HAM
GRANADA	CHEAM
GRANADA	GREENFORD
GRANADA	GREENWICH
GRANADA	HARROW
GRANADA	MAIDSTONE
GRANADA	SHREWSBURY
GRANADA	SLOUGH
GRANADA	WANDSWORTH ROAD
GRANADA	WILLESDEN
GRANADA	WELLING
CENTURY	CHEAM VILLAGE
CINEMA	LOUGHTON
COUNTY	SHREWSBURY
EMPIRE	BEDFORD
EMPIRE	EDMONTON
EMPIRE	SHREWSBURY
HIPPODROME	MANSFIELD
KINEMA	PLUMSTEAD
KINEMA	WEST HAM
KING'S	SHREWSBURY
PLAZA	MANSFIELD
PLAZA	SUTTON
PLAZA	RUGBY
REGAL	OSWESTRY
REGAL	RUGBY
REGENT	RUGBY
RIALTO	ENFIELD
RIALTO	LEYTONSTONE

Under Construction:

GRANADA	EAST MOSELEY
GRANADA	WOODFORD

THE BERNSTEIN THEATRES LTD., 36 GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Some phrases seldom ring true

"I remain, your obedient servant"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Two of the most remarkable documentary successes in recent years are now available for theatrical distribution . . .

'Could be included in any exhibitor's programme'
—THE CINEMA

CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

★

"An enormously moving and persuasive piece of film craft" —THE OBSERVER

"How well they act, these unpaid, untaught Shirley Temples" —SPECTATOR

THE SMOKE MENACE

★

"A matter of serious public concern"
— MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

Any Theatre interested in booking these should write to Film Centre, 34 Soho Square, W.1.

Already available

ENOUGH TO EAT? Distributed by Kinograph Distributors Ltd., 191 Wardour Street, W.1

SCRATCH MEAL with MARCEL BOULESTIN Distributed by Associated British Film Distributors, 169, Oxford Street, W.1

WORLD FILM NEWS

APRIL 1938

Vol. 3 No. 1

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(*Associated Press*)

"NOTHING SACRED ABOUT MY STIPEND EITHER"

Interviewed for America's 'Variety' by Radie Harris, BEN HECHT expresses himself forcibly on present Hollywood production methods, film public and exhibitors, and explains why he is in favour of playing backgammon on the set.

BEN Hecht, looking somewhat like a Goldwyn "folly" himself, in a blue moire dressing gown, sat in the living room of his three-room suite at the Hotel Algonquin, N.Y., and confided that he had just finished his daily dozen for the year by elevating his right thumb to his nose and waving all other four digits exuberantly in the direction of Hollywood! It seems that Mr. Hecht and his latest employer, Samuel Goldwyn, have had a tiff, and now they're farther apart than Cecil Beaton and Conde Nast.

"I left in a childish huff," Hecht explained, "because Sam wouldn't allow me to bring a few of my friends in to the projection room to look at some of the rushes on the *Follies*. I asked Sam whether it was in a desperate effort to save it from the public, but I'm afraid the significance was lost on him. I didn't really want to write another *Follies*, anyway. The current one was revealed to me in a dream—and you know how unreliable dreams are—so I packed my luggage, crossed off a couple of zeroes on my next year's income tax, and here I am back in New York, to write a novel for Covici-Friede, my first since *A Jew in Love*. I'm about a third way through now, but it won't be finished for another year. I'm calling it *Book of Miracles*—and it has no picture possibilities." (That's one of the major miracles; it will most likely be sold from the galley proofs!)

As a matter of fact, Hecht has a great admiration for Goldwyn. When the latter called him in to look at the rushes of *The Hurricane*, after the picture had been in production for several weeks, he asked Hecht his opinion of it.

"I think it stinks," answered Hecht, telling the truth with a sledge hammer.

"So do I," was Goldwyn's comeback. "I want you to rewrite it."

And while Hecht recuperated from the shock of meeting a Hollywood producer who could stand honest criticism, Goldwyn took a terrific loss and started from scratch.

"Goldwyn is a genius—after a picture is finished," Hecht declares. "He smoothes and polishes until it is like a cameo—perfect in every detail. He can tell within 20 per cent of what the gross will be. He has a projection mind. He can look at tests endlessly; five, six, seven days—who counts? He has a good stomach for pictures.

"On the other hand, Selznick, for whom I worked on *Nothing Sacred*, hasn't Goldwyn's showmanship, but he's a terrific guy on stories. He carries a phantom typewriter with him wherever he goes."

HOWEVER, what Hecht thinks of the current method of Hollywood production, the current film public and the current crop of exhibitors, wouldn't pass the NBC censor board—minus Mae West in her *Garden of Eden*. Expurgating it for reading purposes, it goes something like this:

"Catering to the imbecilic type of moron who clutters around first nights and hotel lobbies, pleading for autographs, in the delusion that this public must be served, is just so much pap. Half of these whacky kids never go into a picture house, because if they did they might miss 'Dolly Delovely' at a theatre a few blocks away. The only way to de-

Ben Hecht, forty-four years old; one time journalist, now screen writer. Wrote the story for 'Front Page', the first great newspaper film, and the screen play of the newest film about newspaper ballyhoo, 'Nothing Sacred.'
Outstanding film work includes writing the story for 'Scarface', and the writing, or collaboration in the writing, of 'Design for Living', 'Viva Villa', 'Barbary Coast', 'Once in a Blue Moon', 'The Scoundrel', and 'Crime Without Passion', which he helped produce and direct.

feat this public, who unfortunately symbolize the 'Great American Movie Public' of today, is to substitute them with a new public—and the only way to do that is to have Hollywood go into the state of collapse it is inevitably heading for, and start anew with a sane production budget.

"A picture that should cost 200 grand has to gross two and one-half million dollars to break even, and in order to meet this profit it has to cater to a vast undiscriminating audience. Cut down on these gigantic production costs, which only serve to feed a producer's ego—make a picture, a good picture, for less than a million, and to aitch with catering to audiences, exhibitors, actors, writers, directors, etc., etc.

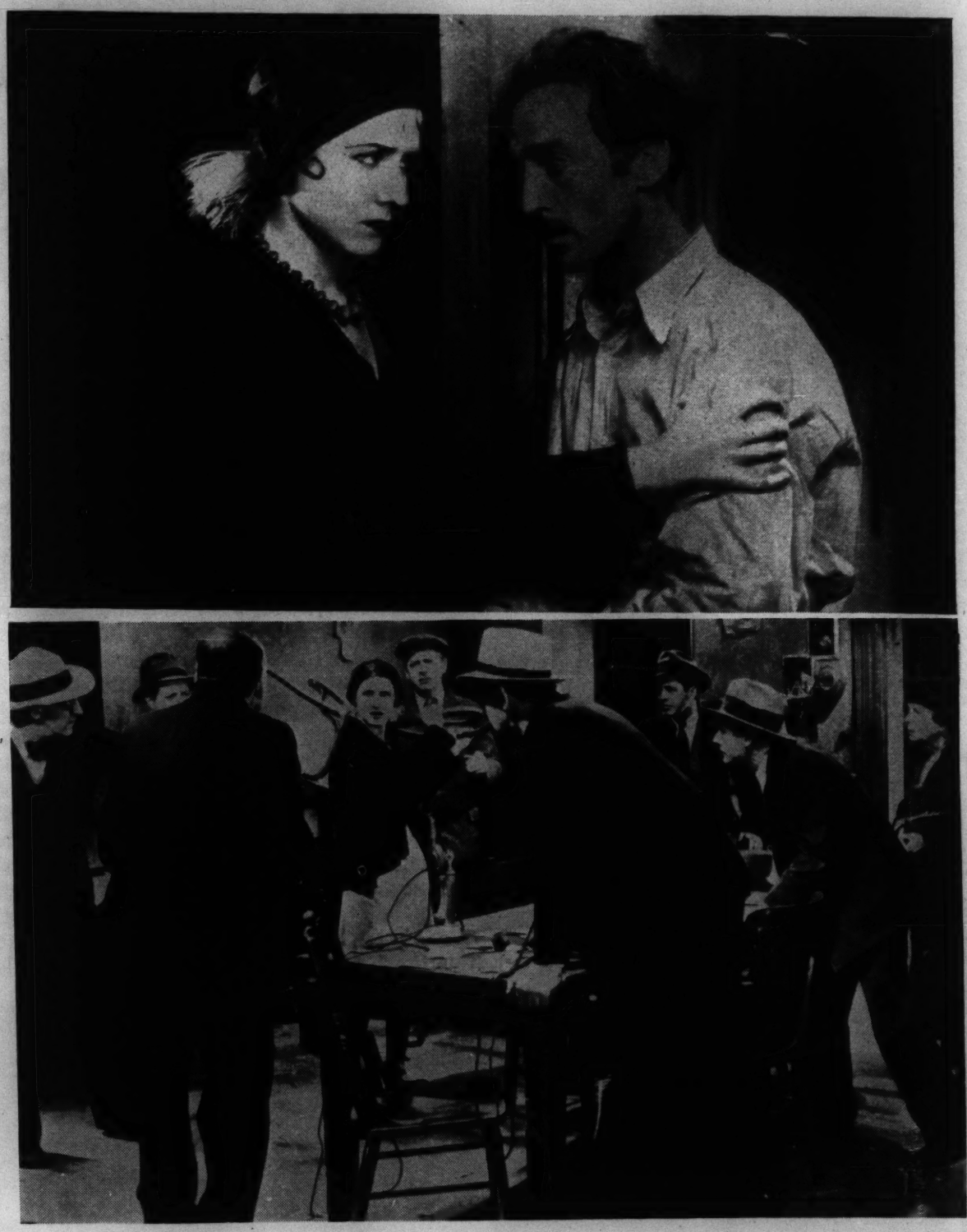
"Here's an illustration to prove my point. Several years ago I wrote a story called *Scarface*. Paul Muni, who had been kicked around like a gong at the old Fox studio, came over to U.A. playing the title role for a couple of hundred dollars a week. We signed a young Valentinoish looking wop for the second male lead, and gave him $75—his name was George Raft. The girl who played the heroine had been an extra at MGM—we gave her $50. She's done all right for herself, too—her name is Ann Dvorak. The picture grossed $3,000,000. Remember another picture called *Underworld*? George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent thought they were pretty lucky to be in it, even though the Government didn't take away half of their salary. It was grossed $4,000,000.

"Lombard and March cleaned up more than a quarter of a million between them on *Nothing Sacred*—and there was 'nothing sacred' about my weekly stipend, either; it was positively indecent! I would have taken less, but nobody asked me to. As for March and Lombard, they both turned out pretty swell pictures in *Laughter* (Par) and *20th Century* (Col), minus that gargantuan salary. The point I'm trying to prove is that I could have made *Nothing Sacred* on a far more conservative budget than Selznick (exclusive of the technicolour, of course) and it still would have been a good picture!"

At this point, the insistent ringing of the phone diverted Hecht from his analogy. It was his erstwhile co-producer and playmate, Charlie MacArthur.

It was the perfect cue to ask when the Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur were to resume their zany partnership again—or had they forsworn pictures for all time?

"But certainly not," Hecht demurred. "I'd rather do a movie anytime than a stage play—it's far more fun. We were considered two screw-balls when we were working out at Astoria, because we played backgammon on the set and didn't hold conferences in our office every lunch hour. The reason we didn't hold conferences was because we couldn't get into our office—it was always packed with the strangest looking people, and the reason we played backgammon on the set was because it gave us an added interest in our work!



"Front Page", the first great film of newspaper life.

"Seriously though, we didn't waste 50 bucks on extraneous matter—like travelling across the country with a print of the picture and the entire cast in tow—or throwing cocktail shindigs for the press—or staging Hollywood premieres simultaneously in 24 cities, so that we could quote Mrs. Ipswich telling the world, 'that it would be a crime to miss *Crime Without Passion*'—or making 5,692 tests of unknowns, and then using a player under contract—or running three weeks behind schedule, because for those three weeks we were 'on location' in the conference room. No, long before *The Seven Dwarfs* our slogan was 'Whistle While You Work'—only the next time we do it, we'd like to have the help of a kid named Bill Fields.

"A few years ago Gene Fowler and I wrote a story for MGM which was supposed to suit the talents of Marie Dressler. We grabbed the opportunity of writing in a part for Bill. When we finished the yarn we weren't surprised when it was rejected—the story turned out to be a starrer for Bill Fields, with Marie Dressler playing his stooge!"

ANIMALS ON PARADE

The new wonder films of the Zoo described by Stuart Legg

ANIMALS have been exploited on the screen since films began. They have been turned into circuses, dressed up as human beings, publicised as pretty-pretties, boosted as monstrosities, believe-it-or-nots, and Nature's oddities. Despite the dignified beasts of the jungle pictures and the horses that made the Westerns the animal kingdom has had a bad deal from the movies. It has come in for more than its share of cheap sham.

In the twelve Zoo films that Strand is making in collaboration with Julian Huxley and the Zoo staff we are trying to get behind the usual nonsense and put animals in their real perspective. We are trying to strike a balance between academic knowledge and popular nature study. We are trying to see animals as a great branch of life that ruled the earth for millions of years before man came, and paved the way for his coming. We are trying to show something of the relationships between man and the animals to-day.

We took as our central theme the gigantic story of animal evolution, and most of the films are keyed to some aspect of this story as it affects animals to-day. Thus, one film deals with animal emotions and the ways in which fear, the basic emotion, has been turned to caution and courage and aggressiveness in the fight for survival. Another shows that man's conception of Time is a narrow-minded affair beside the vastly differing times and speeds of life in the animal world. A third tells the story of the hand from its beginnings as a fin to the skilful modern hands of the ape and man. A fourth shows how evolution, coupled with the changing shape of the earth in bygone ages, distributed the animals about the world; how, over a hundred million years, they built up their kingdom; and how man with his methods of mass-destruction bids fair to annihilate it in a few hundred.

The problem of moulding these and like themes into film shape was twofold. First

Male Penguin takes a turn at hatching the egg (*'Zoo Babies'*)

Looking for me? (*'Free to Roam'*)

we had to get the facts. The Zoo Library (75,000 volumes) was placed at our disposal. From the works of the anatomists, pathologists, physiologists, biologists, veterinaries, travellers and chatty persons that lined its shelves it appeared that science had assembled a formidable quantity of knowledge about animals. It seemed, too, that these scientists were a somewhat quarrelsome lot, delighting in controversy one with another. In our ignorance we could not tell who were the authorities and who the impostors. But the curators came to our rescue, and from that moment our respect for the Zoo has never waned. They knew all the knowledge; they even knew who was right and who was wrong. Secondly, we were faced with the animals themselves, 6,500 of them. All, with the exception of the more vulgar man-like creatures such as the chimpanzees, leaned against the bars and regarded us and our cameras with cold dignity. Psychologists might have called them non-co-operative.

Donald Alexander started the series off with his film on the relative size and weight of animals. He tackled an immensely difficult subject bravely. He set out to show why insects cannot weigh more than five ounces, why birds must be comparatively small, why elephants grow no larger than they do, why fish are not bound by any of these size restrictions. He marshalled his animals superbly, and his facts, if anything, not wisely but too well. He ended up by proving, among other things, that angels cannot fly and that the sperms which begot everyone on earth could be crammed into a space the size of an aspirin tablet. A little alarmed, we called the film *Mites and Monsters* and hoped for the best. The censor obliged with a "U" certificate.

Next came Evelyn Spice with a lively and charming study of mothercraft methods of the animal world called *Zoo Babies*. Ranging freely from the lowest to the highest, from fish spawn to the human child, she showed the different systems of reproduction and upbringing employed to ensure continuity of species. She showed fish dumping their myriad eggs in the water and leaving their young to survive by force of numbers; she demonstrated that the higher an animal comes in the evolutionary scale the more helpless are its young and the longer is the period of education necessary for its self-preservation. Into a film filled with movement and vitality, and surprisingly free from the usual sentimentalities, she packed a remarkable amount of solid information.

MEANWHILE other units were in the field. At Whipsnade Paul Burnford was busy drawing the distinction between the old Linnean method of studying animals under classificatory labels and the new spirit of scientific observation of behaviour under conditions as near as possible to the natural. He called his film *Free to Roam* and ended it with a sequence of Whipsnade at night. The lithe jungle shapes padding through an English undergrowth of gorse and bramble and the dismal chorus of wolves under English pines are terrifying enough.

In the London Zoo, Ruby Grierson, like Daniel in the lions' den, was shooting human beings from the animals' point of view. Her film, *The Zoo and You*, is the comic-relief act of the series. It has many gentle comments to make on humanity and one or two nasty cracks. And if the animals are daily treated to the sights her cameras saw, then those who believe in the cruelty of placing God's creatures behind bars should chase themselves. The Zoo animals get the best free show ever.

Stanley Hawes, with George Noble on the camera, was turning in sensational rushes of baboons and gibbons. We had been anxious to include a film in the series devoted to monkeys and apes, and we were fortunate enough to have the collaboration of Dr. Zuckerman of Oxford, one of the greatest living experts on the primates. With Zuckerman's researches at his disposal, Hawes shaped the film round the social behaviour of monkeys. He examined their families and packs, and emphasised the importance to their society of the rule of the dominant male. At the same time he traced the evolution of their intelligence through co-ordination of brain with hand and eye. *Monkey into Man* is particularly interesting for the skilful balance it strikes between academics and popularity. It avoids the obvious traps about "our ancestors", kills a number of fallacies and replaces them with truth; and the truth in this case is certainly stranger than fiction. The sequence of gibbons swinging through the trees is likely to create something of a furore.

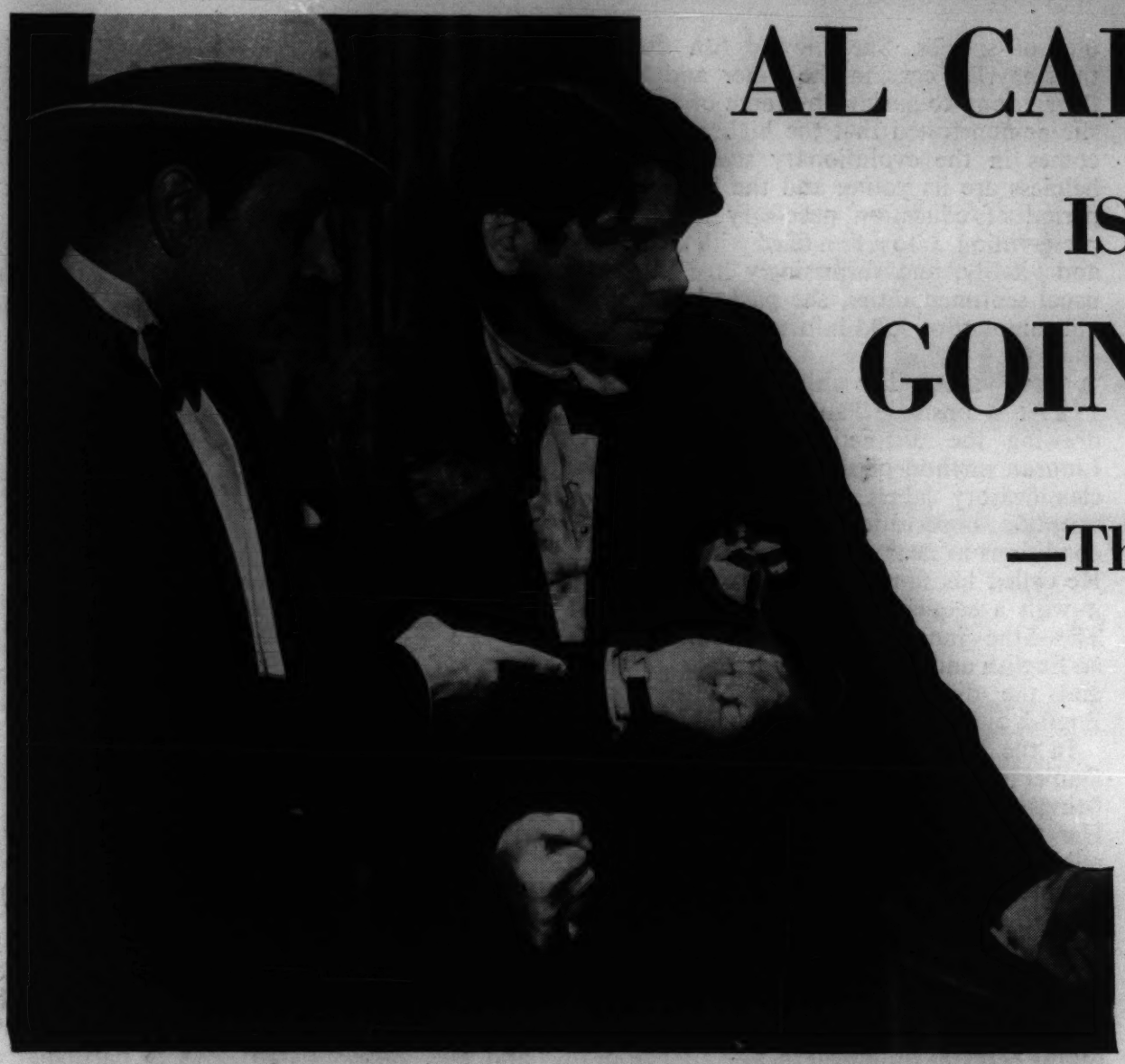
"Non-Co-operative"—Jimmy, the Tiger
('The Zoo and You')

The final film in the first set of six is a survey, again by Evelyn Spice, of the work done behind the scenes at the Zoo. It deals with the efforts made in laboratory and field to improve the conditions of captive life, with the routine jobs and with the thousand and one emergencies that arise in the daily care of animals from all parts of the world. It introduces you to some of the well-known Zoo people and presents the Zoo, also, as a public relations department for the animal kingdom, with its Information Bureau and Art School and special facilities for study. Its hero is a small Capuchin monkey, Rastus by name, who arrives from South America with a cargo of other animals and settles into his new home.

This, then, is our first batch of Zoo films. To us they represent a vast deal of patience, and a co-operative effort between all branches of the Zoo service and the film people which bodes well for future schemes for bringing science and its results to the screen in dramatic form.

There are six more films to come. They will be finished, animals permitting, in the late Spring or early Summer. For it is the animals who have the final say in these pictures. They dictate scripts, camera positions, action and cutting. And they do it with a confidence which would put some of our big producers to shame.

Not a job for St. George—Just a camera study of the model of a Dinosaur at Crystal Palace
('Mites and Monsters')



AL CAPONE IS GOING MAD

—The story of 'Scarface' Capone's rise and fall told by H. E. BLYTH

ALPHONSE CAPONE is going mad. In his cell in the U.S. Penitentiary on Alcatraz Island, California, gangland's greatest "big shot" goes in daily fear of his life. He who boasted in his hey-day that he never double-crossed a pal has been squealing on his fellow-convicts, and they have sworn to get him. Already he has been stabbed in the barber's shop with a pair of scissors.

The story of "Scarface" Al is almost unbelievable—written in a novel it would be condemned as wildly impossible. Even Hollywood's gangster films in their most extravagant moments have never exaggerated the actual state of affairs that once existed in Chicago. People then were killed in spots as public as Regent Street or the Strand—Jake Lingle, crime reporter of the *Chicago Tribune*, was bumped off in a subway as crowded as Piccadilly Circus at rush hour.

Hollywood, if anything, has tended to minimise the gangster's activities; there has seldom been any exaggeration in the pictures it has made of gang warfare, wildly impossible though some of them may have seemed. Moreover, Hollywood, in glorifying the gangster during the period before the advent of the G-man, was doing no more than the general public of America had already done. To many Capone was a hero. He gave lavishly to charity, he lived in utmost respectability with his wife, he patronised the arts. He was a devotee of grand opera—*Rigoletto*, *Il Travatore* and *Aïda*. He was fabulously wealthy, a sure sign of merit in the eyes of all business men. And above all he was a showman, always in the public eye. During the hard winter of 1930-1931 he opened a soup kitchen in Chicago and fed between two and three thousand people daily.

To one and all, therefore, Capone was a "right guy". And no one believed more implicitly in this tradition than Capone himself. The cinema merely took him at his own valuation.

Thus was the great gangster tradition born in the cinema. This is why so many gangsters on the screen have also been "right guys", and why so many of them have been devotees of good music. The gangster film has always been based on fact, for it has done no more than write a page of American history which posterity will view with amazement.

Dozens of famous gangster films have either wittingly or unwittingly reconstructed actual incidents in the history of the crime lords. Grace Moore's picture *On Wings of Song*, for example, bore a marked resemblance to the story of Big Jim Colosimo, Chicago's first "Big Shot", who fell suddenly and desperately in love with Dale Winter, an opera singer, whom he finally married. Miss Winter, alas, was very soon a widow. In *G-Men* there was a reconstruction of the unsuccessful ambushing of John Dillinger at the Little Bohemia Road House in the Wisconsin Woods, while in *Public Hero No. 1* his death is pictured, although in the film he is seen leaving a vaudeville performance while in reality he was shot down outside the Biograph Cinema, on Chicago's North Side, after seeing Clark Gable's gangster picture, *Manhattan Melodrama*.

More recently, there was an echo of the trial of Charles "Lucky" Luciano, the vice lord, in Bette Davis's film, *Marked Woman*. And here it should be emphasised that vice, even more than booze, has always been one of the gangster's basic sources of income. Colosimo, Torrio, and Capone were all said to be proprietors of an extensive chain of brothels where negresses used to hold daily classes in perversion for young girls. Only O'Banion would have nothing to do with vice.

But of all gangster films, *Scarface* probably comes the nearest to telling the truth, though the exact outline of actual fact has not been followed. Those who now read here for the first time the true story of the real "Scarface" can compare the incidents of his life with those depicted in the film. And if they have thought in the past that Hollywood has been guilty of exaggeration in its gangster films, they can now compare fact with fiction. Not even *Scarface* tells the whole truth, or plumbs to its foulest depths the diseased mind of gangland's most infamous killer.

Of all gangsters, Capone was the greatest. Colosimo, Frankie Yale, Dillinger, Jack Diamond, Baby Face Nelson, John Scalise, all of whom died a violent death—these were "Big Shots", but Capone eclipsed them all. Not even Dion O'Banion, that smooth-tongued, smiling Irishman, ex-choir boy, florist and teetotaler, and one of the most pitiless killers Chicago ever knew, equalled Capone in cunning and cruelty. Not even O'Banion's henchman, Earl Hymie Weiss, who smeared his bullets with garlic so that they might poison if they did not kill, and whose ingenious brain gave to gangland and the films that ghastly ceremonial known as "being taken for a ride"—not even "Little Hymie" could outwit Al Capone. O'Banion

The revival of the screen classic 'Scarface', with Paul Muni, George Raft and Ann Dvorak has given our critic H. E. Blyth an occasion to tell the story of Chicago's number one Gangster, Al Capone, on whose career much of the film 'Scarface' was based. The real story of the greatest gang war in history makes an even more bloody and exciting story than its screen version.

Police reconstruct the St. Valentine's Day Massacre (*Associated Press*)

and Weiss are pushing up daisies, their bodies riddled with bullets by Capone's gunmen.

One by one they went, like the ten little nigger boys, until only "Scarface" was left. "They'll never pin anything on me" said Al, "My lawyers will take care of that". Alleged murderer, racketeer, beer-baron and brothel-keeper, he lived in opulent state, driving down Michigan Avenue in his £4,000 bullet-proof car, his £10,000 eleven-carat diamond ring on his finger, the lord of all he surveyed. And if there was a horse he fancied in the races at Hawthorne, he'd bet a cool £20,000 on the nose, just to show what the "Big Shot" was worth.

In the late twenties, when he was at his zenith, his yearly income was reckoned at more than £6,000,000.

But in the end they got him. Not for murder, vice or boot-legging—his lawyers saw to that—but just for income tax evasion, something he had not foreseen. His slick legal pals could not clear him of that charge.

THE story of Capone is the story of Chicago during the black decade of 1920-1930, when law and justice became a mockery, and the biggest crime wave in history engulfed the city. Between 1923 and 1926 alone there were 135 gang murders, only six trials as a result, *and only one conviction*. Just how many murders Capone himself was responsible for, no one will ever know. "Scarface" —and he was nicknamed that because of a knife wound received in a brothel brawl— preferred to remain largely in the background, and indeed would often be out of town when his gunmen were at work.

Capone was brought to Chicago in 1920 by John Torrio, then the leading gangster of the day, having taken the place of Big Jim Colosimo, prematurely deceased. Like Torrio himself, Capone was a graduate of the notorious Five Points gang of New York, and was, therefore, "plenty tough". At first he was just a brawler and a bully, a foul-mouthed hoodlum ready to tackle any job on hand. By 1924 he was already a "Big Shot", suave, urbane, sleek and prosperous, no longer Torrio's bouncer, but his partner and right hand man, and it was in 1924 that he was concerned in his first really big killing.

At that time the greatest rivals to the Torrio-Capone outfit were the North Side Gang under the leadership of Dion O'Banion. By the autumn of 1924 trouble was brewing between them. Torrio and Capone had taken over control of Cicero, a suburb of Chicago, but O'Banion had been given a beer concession out of which he quickly began to make a fortune, for everything that O'Banion touched turned to gold. Torrio and Capone were green with envy and tried to make a deal with the Irishman, even going so far as to offer O'Banion a share of their brothel takings in return for a fourth of his booze revenue, but O'Banion only sneered. A ruthless and cold-blooded killer, he yet had a refined dislike of the vice racket, and would have nothing to do with it.

On November 10th, at mid-day, a car stopped outside O'Banion's flower shop in North State Street, and three men got out, leaving one behind at the wheel. O'Banion came forward to greet his customers with hand outstretched, for he knew them well. One clasped the proffered hand and held it in a vice-like grip, while the other two poured a stream of bullets into the Irishman's body. Then they left unhurriedly and drove away, leaving O'Banion dead amongst his flowers.

The funeral which followed was the most remarkable the city had ever seen. The body was laid out in a £2,000 casket, brought especially from the East. One hundred and twenty-two cars followed in the procession, and there were twenty-six truck loads of flowers, valued at more than £10,000. Amongst these floral tributes was a magnificent basket of roses—"From Al".

In the mortuary chapel Torrio and Capone faced O'Banion's henchmen over the coffin. Barely a word was spoken, but each knew what the other was thinking. The greatest gang war in history had begun.

It lasted for four years and three months—from November, 1924, until St. Valentine's Day, 1929—and at the end of it Capone was left supreme.

With O'Banion in his grave, his gang went gunning for revenge. They chased Torrio all over America, to the Bahamas, to Cuba and back, and in the end they got him, shooting him down on the steps of his house in Chicago as he returned with his wife from a shopping expedition. By some extraordinary chance they failed to kill him, though they riddled him with bullets, but Torrio had had enough. A broken, terrified man, he shook the dust of Chicago from his feet. Thus only Capone was left.

On January 12th, 1925, the O'Banions—now under the leadership of Weiss, "Bugs" Moran and Vincent Drucci—made gangland's greatest single attack ever launched against one man in their desperate determination to get Capone.

(*continued on page* 11)

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Paul Muni, Karen Morley and George Raft in a scene from 'Scarface' (Ace Films).

He was living then at his headquarters, the Hawthorne Hotel in Cicero. It was 11.15 in the morning, and the day of the Hawthorne Races. Al was in the restaurant on the ground floor, having a late breakfast.

Suddenly a car passed down the road, firing a machine-gun. As it disappeared Capone rose from the floor where he had instantly fallen, and was going to investigate when his bodyguard hurled him to the ground.

"It's a trick, boss—there's more to come!"

There certainly was.

A cavalcade of seven cars came slowly down the street and stopped outside the hotel. Then the occupants began systematically to spray the façade of the building with bullets. One man stepped out of the sixth car and unconcernedly set up a Thompson sub-machine gun on the pavement, sighted it carefully and poured a hundred shots in rapid fire into the lobby. Then he returned to the waiting car and the cavalcade moved off down the street and was gone.

Capone, miraculously, was unhurt. The O'Banions had failed to avenge their leader, and their turn was soon to come. Capone knew how to take care of his enemies.

In the following October Hymie Weiss was put on the spot. They said of him that he was the only man Al ever really feared, and he was not easy to get. He was cunning, was "Little Hymie".

So the Capone gunmen went to considerable trouble. They rented a set of rooms overlooking the Weiss headquarters—above the flower shop of his late-lamented leader—and trained a battery of guns on the exit. Then they waited—waited for more than a week until the right moment arrived.

On the afternoon of October 11th they saw Weiss step from his car, accompanied by four friends, and cross the road to the shop, laughing and chatting gaily. The guns opened fire and Weiss and another dropped stone-dead on the pavement; the rest were

Al Capone, now in Alcatraz.

badly wounded. The outside of the Holy Name Cathedral across the way was pock-marked with bullets.

Capone was quite upset. He couldn't understand, he said, why anyone should want to kill poor Hymie.

He sent a nice big wreath to the funeral.

But there were still several O'Banions left. They were to be reserved for the bloodiest mass murder that Chicago was ever to witness—the massacre of St. Valentine's Day, February 14th, 1929.

After Hymie's death, George "Bugs" Moran took over control of the O'Banion gang. Bugs and Hymie had been together on the Hawthorne shooting affray, when Capone had been so amazingly lucky. Now it was "Bugs" Moran's turn to be lucky.

Only a master mind could have planned the St. Valentine's Day massacre. It was the work of a fiendishly ingenious brain.

On the morning of February 14th the Moran crowd had assembled at a garage on Clark Street to receive a large consignment of stolen liquor which "Bugs" had bought over the telephone the night before. He had bought it unquestioningly, evidently from someone he knew well and trusted. There were seven of the gang present, and they stood around waiting for "Bugs" to appear, but "Bugs" was unaccountably late. Perhaps the gangster's sixth sense had warned him that something was in the air. Anyway, "Bugs" did not show up.

Instead a police car arrived, and out stepped several officers in uniform. The gang were annoyed, but not unduly disturbed. These raids were routine affairs which often occurred; usually they could be "squared" without much trouble.

The gang were told to put their hands above their heads and to line up against the garage wall, which they did, grumbling not a little at this police officiousness. Their lawyers would have something to say about this.

Meanwhile two men in ordinary clothes had entered the alley which led to the garage. One carried a machine-gun, the other a double-barrelled sawn-off shot gun. The machine-gunner set up his weapon, aimed carefully for a spot half-way up the spine, and opened rapid fire. The seven men were mown down like grass, and lay on their backs on the concrete.

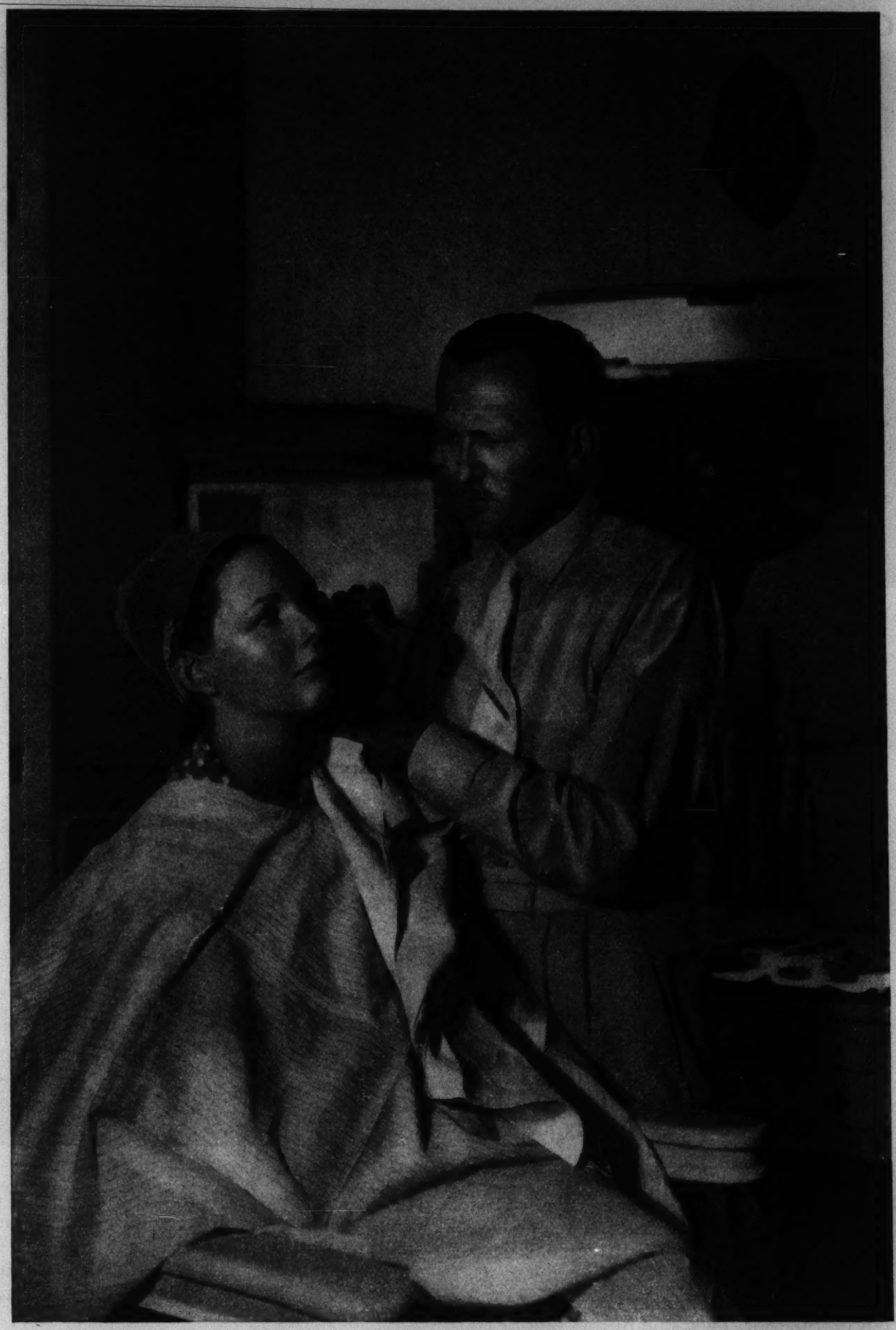
The man with the shot-gun stepped over to them and carefully finished off those who still showed any signs of life.

The murderers returned to their car and left. Pedestrians who saw them did not give them another thought. It was just another police raid, a commonplace occurrence. They drove away unhindered.

And thus was the O'Banion gang finally annihilated and all real opposition to Capone removed in one fell swoop. Scarface was left supreme, with not a care in the world. His enemies were all dead, or if not dead, their spirits were broken. He was the "Big Shot" of all time, the uncrowned king of crime. The world was at his feet.

"They'll never pin anything on me", said Al.

And now, in his cell in Alcatraz, he sits and shivers with fear, his fat, coarse body shaking like a jelly, his diseased mind trembling on the brink of insanity. The story of "Scarface" is almost finished.



MAKE-UP

"the Shadows we paint on Human Faces"

By JACK DAWN

head of M.G.M.'s Make-up Department

IT used to be a generally accepted belief that there are some people who "do not photograph well". The assumption was that these people, whatever their talents might be, were debarred from the screen, and there was nothing that could be done about it. Nowadays, though this legend to some extent persists, it simply will not stand examination in the light of modern make-up knowledge and methods.

The old idea was based on the theory that only men and women with high cheek bones and very broad features photograph well; that delicate features are not treated kindly by the camera. The only grain of truth remaining in this belief to-day is that less make-up is required to achieve fine photographic values from the face of a Myrna Loy—a beautiful example of the "broad and high" bones theory. But with some care and skill equally fine photographic values can be obtained with the delicate features of Virginia Bruce, whose facial bones are tiny. In other words Miss Loy's beauty comes over almost without make-up aid, while to bring out on the screen the beauty that Miss Bruce's face possesses in real life, a little high lighting at the sides is necessary. But there is no more to it than that.

Photography is essentially a matter of relationship between high lights and shadows. The make-up technician has to keep this in mind all the time and co-operate with the camera.

Make-up, in the sense in which the term is used outside films—beautification by the use of cosmetics—is the most trivial part of the work of the film studio make-up department. It is not the peak achievement of my work, but the basis of its routine to be able to make photographically attractive, with fifteen moves of my hands, any normal man or woman in the world. The only exceptions I make are faces that are unbalanced to the point of deformity. Any normal defects, such as twisted or too-thin lips, drooping eye muscles and sagging chins, I can correct easily.

The value of this ability to film production in general is that actors and actresses can now be chosen strictly for their ability, and not because they are suitable types. In the old days before film make-up had justified itself as a plastic art capable of co-operating in the creation of character and not a mere preliminary to photography, a producer who had to cast an actor as Abraham Lincoln, for instance, had to find a man who looked more or less like Lincoln. To-day he is in the much more satisfactory position of being able to choose a man who can *act* Lincoln. Making him look like the character is the work of the make-up department.

There was another case of this "Presidential problem" more recently when our studio made *The Gorgeous Hussy*. Lionel Barrymore was to play America's seventh President, Andrew Jackson. Anybody less like Jackson than Barrymore it would be difficult to find. Yet when the make-up department had finished, his own features were gone, and in their place was a life-like replica of the face of "Old Hickory". Barrymore's new face was practically a mask, yet there was no visible sign of artificiality. None of the main features

—the forehead, the nose, nor the chin—was his own. The substance with which I achieved this result has, in my opinion, enabled character creation in make-up to reach a point of perfection never before attained.

Probably unknown to the average film-goer, a revolution has taken place in screen make-up in comparatively few years. In the silent days the type of film used was called "orthochromatic". This kind of film demanded weird colour combinations. Blue photographed as white, and red as black. These were the days when a film player ready for work was an extraordinary sight, often with bright blue eyelids and brilliant red under-chins. The first advance came with the introduction of the "panchromatic" film, which permitted the use of natural colours. . . .

When the present supersensitive film—known as the "superpan" came in, it revolutionised the lighting used for photography, and once again the whole field of make-up was changed.

In the old days, for instance, we used painted lines a great deal for wrinkles. With the film of to-day these would look, not like wrinkles at all, but like painted lines. The old technique has completely vanished.

ONE of the pioneers of the new method, long before its use became general, was Lon Chaney, who developed the trick of applying plastic materials to his face. When he wanted wrinkles he cut them in. Nowadays age is indicated almost entirely by what are called "contour inlays". These achieve the illusion of age convincingly by following nature itself in portraying the shape of the face rather than merely contributing lines to the existing shape. In *The Good Earth* there is a perfect example of this kind of work on an important character, Soo Yong, the old Chinese woman.

The same film afforded some major problems of make-up, although Oriental make-up as a whole is nowadays comparatively simple, whereas it was once the most difficult, and came to be regarded by make-up men as a kind of bogey. To achieve an Oriental effect, we used to draw the eyes upward by the use of gum and fine membranes painted over. Now, by drawing a shadow downward from the inside of the eye and upward from the outside, we can achieve the correct illusion. We also use facial inlays with great effect.

In *The Good Earth*, the problem was not merely to make-up Luise Rainer as a Chinese, but to find the perfect make-up for her. In this case modern methods of the make-up studio came to Miss Rainer's rescue. In the old days all the experiments would have been done on her long-suffering face. Both she and I would have been nervous wrecks, before the task was over. Instead, I made seven clay heads before I struck the one I wanted. This had more than one advantage. It cut down the length of time I had to spend working on Miss Rainer's own face, and, as character make-up is always a laborious process, it certainly saved us both from frayed nerves and fatigue.

An interesting psychological point arises too. The human face must be to some extent a "canvas" for the make-up artist, but he must never forget that it *is* a human face. The mood of the subject is important. It is a character make-up and should blend with the character that is going to be created in the finished performance. If the subject is tired or without enthusiasm, the finest make-up will give a wrong impression and be rendered worthless. Clay models and paintings in colour enable me to visualise make-ups before putting a finger to the human face, and I believe that whatever success I have attained is due to the fact that I am by early training and inclination an artist. Knowledge of art saves time and worry in experimentation. It is not necessary to be a trained artist to be a make-up technician—but it helps.

It is my belief that the basis of screen make-up is artistic rather than scientific or technical. For example, when I recently wished to add six members to my staff, I interviewed more than 500 applicants, and each one I picked had graduated from an art institute. . . . The importance to me of this group of youngsters I have taken under my wing is that they are being trained from the start on the new lines of screen make-up. It is being impressed on them that their knowledge of facial contour, anatomy, sculpture, and painting is of vital importance.

I HOPE I have not given the impression that my department is a kind of artistic research and experimental studio, because it must be remembered that we also deal with the daily demands of routine make-up for all the people who go before the studio cameras. Some idea of the volume of work done may be obtained from the quantities of material we use. In a year we require more than 1,000 large cans of face powder, 3,000 lb. of grease paint, 500 lb. of false hair for beards and wigs, 20 gallons of spirit gum, and 50 lb. of assorted waxes and plastics. . . .

Many men wear no "straight" make-up at all, and women much less than they used to. Apart from the photographic development involved, the introduction of talking pictures has influenced make-up. Effects that used to be achieved with false teeth, scars, and stretched skin have disappeared, because nothing must be done which will impede speech, or even make an actor feel unnatural, for the effect will be to make his work unnatural.

The "shadows" we paint on human faces, the inlays with which we build up new faces, the oils with which we can transfigure a face, the new basic colours devised to suit the new sensitive film, are the angles of our work which will matter more and more in the future. . . .

This article is extracted from Jack Dawn's contribution to the book "Behind the Screen", edited by Stephen Watts (Barker, 8/6). *See Review on pages 18 and 19.*

The picture heading the article shows Jack Dawn at work on Elizabeth Allen. With his brush he is creating eye-shadows, without which the glaring lights on the set would cause the camera to lose the subtleties of light and shade in photographing the actress's face.

The Month's Newsreel

Air Raids in Barcelona. Pictures taken by Richard Butler, Pathé Cameraman

CAMERAMEN in the SOUTH SEAS

The story of an expedition to Thursday Island

reviewed by John Taylor

UP from Australia, sailing towards the cannibal jungles of Papua, go two natives of Hollywood, Shackleford cameraman and Dromgold scenario writer. In the hold are sixty-two cases of equipment. Cameras, recording set, rubber spear heads and blonde wigs.

Between them these confident gentlemen have got to get shots for back projection; long shots with Dromgold doubling for a star; scenes of a Papuan canoe sea fight; scenes of a village being attacked, a sequence of Papuans capturing the hero's pearling lugger ending with the hero and a doubling dusky Papuan maid with blonde wig and Fifth Avenue tea gown swimming under water to the shelter of an old wreck.

At Thursday Island they pick up a lugger to take them along the coast of Papua to Port Moresby, the administrative centre where they have to get the Governor's permission to shoot.

The cables that pass between them and Hollywood tell the rest of the story:

SLIGHT DELAY – MUST AWAIT GOVERNOR'S RETURN FOR WORKING PERMIT – BUSY PREPARING – VILLAGES PERFECT – WEATHER IDEAL – REGARDS.

GET STUFF WITHOUT FAIL – STEP ON IT WHEN GOVERNOR OKAYS – SHOOT TRIBAL WAR FIRST – VILLAGE SCENES NEXT – MAKE WAR CANOE CHASE THRILLING – GET SHIPWRECK – PEARL DIVING SEQUENCE VERY IMPORTANT NOW OWING TO RECENT CHANGE IN STORY – REGARDS.

The Governor gives them permission.

CONGRATULATIONS – GLAD TO HEAR YOU ARE WORKING AT LAST – DO NOT FAIL TO GET SAVAGE ACTION IN ALL SCENES – HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE PICTURE SUPER FEATURE – REGARDS.

The Governor changes his mind.

Villages were perfect, the weather ideal, but Cameramen George Dromgold and James Shackleford found filming in the South Seas far from easy. Their adventures on Thursday Island, recently published as 'Two Lugs on a Lugger', are racily recounted by John Taylor.

★ ★ ★

GOVERNMENT FORBIDS ALL SCENES WITH NATIVES IN WARLIKE COMBAT – ALL NATIVE WEAPONS REAL OR FAKES BANNED – FEEL WE CAN GRAB OFF ENOUGH LONG SHOTS OF SPECTACULAR MASS ACTION TO INTERCUT WITH SAVAGE CLOSE SHOTS – WILL MAKE TRY IF YOU OKAY – REGARDS.

But the Studio doesn't.

WHAT NEXT? – GET STUFF NO MATTER HOW – YOUR PLANS O.K. – SEND US FILM NOT CABLES – GET GOING – REGARDS.

The rainy season is just about to start. It is hot and humid. The boat is crawling with cockroaches, but they reckon that they will manage somehow.

PLAN OKAY – FILM RECEIVED LOOKS LIKE REAL STUFF – KEEP GIRLS AND WOMEN OUT OF FOREGROUND ALL SCENES – NOT ENOUGH GRASS ON THEM TO GET BY CENSOR – DON'T USE BLONDE WIG ON DOUBLE FOR STAR – SHE REFUSES TO PLAY PART – USE BRUNETTE WIG – SHOOT BALANCE OF STUFF SOON AS POSSIBLE – SEND US FILM NOT WEATHER REPORTS – GOOD LUCK.

Wearily along the coast they go—marshalling four hundred canoes here—a thousand natives there. The rainy season starts. There isn't a pearler on the coast—"Although of course twenty years ago there were hundreds" the locals say.

Above: "The Blonde." Heading the opposite page is a picture of Pearl Fishers. Both illustrations are from "Two Lugs on a Lugger" (Hutchinson)

SHIP DOZEN NATIVE CANOES HOLLYWOOD FOR MATCHING SHOTS – WHY NUDE OLD MEN DANCING IN SCENE 172 – WATCH EXPOSURE MORE CAREFULLY – HURRY PEARLING SEQUENCE – GET ALL ANGLES – MAKE IT BIG – VERY IMPORTANT – REGARDS.

In return.

WILL SHIP CANOES IF GOVERNMENT PERMITS – REGARDING EXPOSURE DID YOU MEAN CAMERAS OR NATIVES – NUDE DANCING CAN BE CUT OUT – WILL GET PEARLING SEQUENCE SAMARAI – REGARDS.

Three weeks later.

ARRIVED SAMARAI – NO WORD FROM YOU – IS FILM O.K. TO DATE – HOPE SHOOT PEARLING HERE – REGARDS.

Then after a chase that has lasted nearly three months they catch up with an old pearler, the last on the coast, and he is making his last few dives before handing his boat over to the local pawnbroker.

Shackleford and Dromgold sigh with relief—They have worked long and hard.

(Continued on page 31)

Two typical scenes from the fast-moving "Crime Does Not Pay" series. The top picture shows Robert Taylor making his first screen appearance in "Buried Loot".

"CRIME does not PAY"

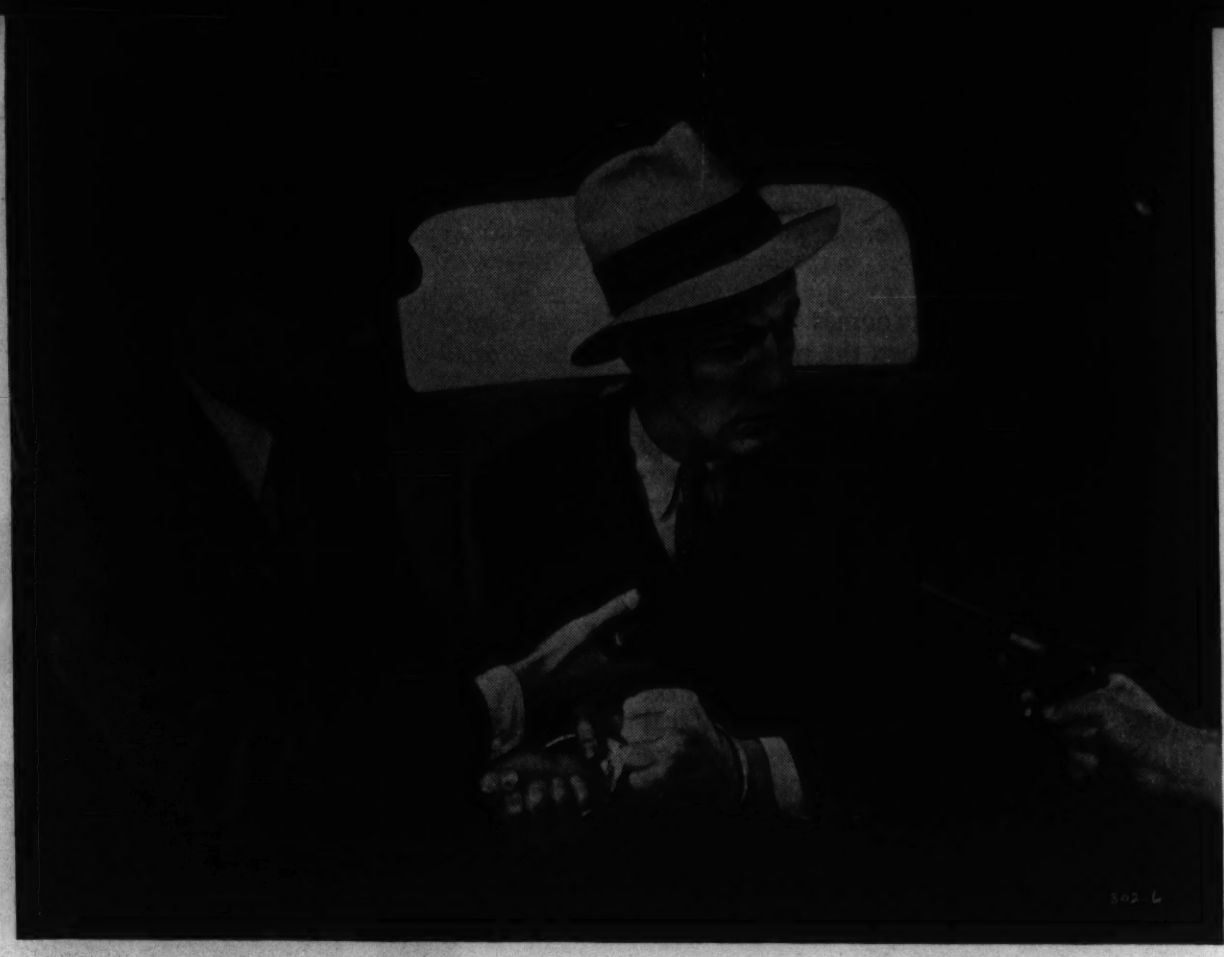
The Story behind the famous M.G.M. shorts told by GLEN NORRIS.

To the inquisitive tourist America is paradise. When he has done the round of its natural beauties and man-made show places, its amusements and horrors, its food and its sin, he is only just beginning. For then, if he pleases, he can start visiting its factories and workshops, its places of business. For in America to-day there is not one organisation depending on public goodwill, that does not make "showing people round" one of the main planks of its propaganda programme.

Would the inquisitive tourist like to explore the 70 storey Rockefeller Center Building in New York—one of the tallest, largest, strangest office blocks in the world? Far from being considered a nuisance, the I.T. will find himself welcomed by a staff of uniformed guides, who will offer a free show for his delight on almost every floor. From the third to the tenth, he can gape through glass panels into the studios of the National Broadcasting Company. In the giant Radio City Music Hall, he can peep at the world-famous Rockette dancing girls rehearsing. On the sixty-fifth he can gate-crash into the Rainbow Room restaurant where at night he couldn't get dinner for two under £3. From the roof of the seventieth, he can gasp at the New York skyline, write in the visitor's book as did one provincial: "Close to Heaven—Homesick". Last year 250,000 visitors made the R.C.A. Building one of America's tourist shrines.

But the strangest of such shrines is on the fifth floor of the Department of Justice Building in Washington. There the I.T. walks in to be startled by a glaring white face staring at him hollow-eyed from the wall. It is the plaster death mask of John Dillinger, once America's Public Enemy No. 1. In a nearby showcase is the straw hat the outlaw was wearing when he was shot down, his blood-stained jacket, his glasses smashed by bullets. By the time the I.T. has taken in all this, another of those smiling, uniformed guides has appeared, to show him round the headquarters of the Federal Bureau of In-

In making the "Crime Does Not Pay" series M.G.M. broke all the sacred rules of the picture world. And they have provided, says Glen Norris, some of the most potent propaganda and most thrilling entertainment ever seen on the screen.



vestigation, home of the G-Men, America's Scotland Yard.

He will see the sort of guns that gangsters use. The guide will use all the actor's tricks of dramatic suspense in describing how the G-Men trail malefactors. There will be cunning scientific traps which have been the undoing of kidnappers, bank robbers, and murderers. There will be all the thrill of a man-hunt, with the action indicated by blinking lights on a map. At the end of the tour, the I.T. will be invited to have his finger-prints taken—so that if his body were ever badly mutilated in a crash, it could probably be immediately identified. Finally, he will be given a card with the print of one of his fingers, and the caption: "Souvenir Print. F.B.I. Director: J. Edgar Hoover". And from then on, the I.T. will almost certainly be a missionary. In what he says and thinks, he will be helping to spread a movement that has been built up and fostered by Edgar Hoover, until to-day it has burst far beyond America's frontiers—a crusade against crime on an international basis.

Several years ago, Edgar Hoover decided that getting the criminals was not enough. He wanted to try and prevent crime; and he felt that one way was to start a gigantic build-up about the almighty, invincible power of the government's anti-crime forces, of which he was Director. So books about the G-Men began to appear; the press started running the story of the "dare-devils" who never failed to "get their man"; Edgar Hoover's face got into the newsreels; the name "G-Man" got into the world's vocabulary. Guided by Mr. Hoover, the tide of anti-crime propaganda rose and rose, until many a British school-boy knew more about G-Men than about Will Shakespeare. But the most interesting development was yet to come; in the shape of help for the crusade from a most unexpected quarter. Mr. Hoover did not know it, but he was destined to be responsible for one of the most startling new movements in the world of cinema entertainment.

If this story has so far seemed to wander a long way from the film box office of its title, the reason must lie in the need for painting the backcloth of present-day American life, which the Directors of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer saw at the beginning of 1937. They saw millions talking and thinking about the anti-crime movement; they saw it making daily headlines in the press; they saw the G-Man ousting the gangster as a figure of fiction. Here was an obvious set-up for the cinema to cash in on a big topical story. Yet it required courage, vision, and foresight on the part of M.G.M. in deciding to make a series of short films under the general title: *Crime Does Not Pay*. For these films were to be made as no other shorts had ever been made before. They were not to be fiction, but a reconstruction of true facts. They were to be blatantly propagandist. They were to be made with all the technical care and advance preparation that M.G.M. uses for its biggest features.

In laying down that programme, M.G.M. broke all the rules: that truth spells death at the box office: that the paying public won't stand propaganda: above all, that shorts are only the crust of the film-programme pie, and cannot pay their way unless they are made dirt cheap.

Now, a year later, this bold policy has been completely justified. The *Crime Does Not Pay* series has been a raging success from every point of view. It has produced some of the most potent propaganda ever seen on the screen; it has provided thrilling entertainment that has out-classed many a feature, and it has been making money. The measure of that success is also the measure of how well its production job has been done.

Each of the series follows the same general line. It sets out to expose one particular racket, which may appear in slightly differing forms all over America. In a dramatic build-up, the case is first put for the criminals. Half way through the picture, it invariably looks as if the racketeers' scheme is foolproof; they have thought of everything, nothing can possibly go wrong, crime is bound to win. Then comes an almost unbearable suspense—innocent men and women are in danger. The G-Men get on the trail—and after a calm, scientific explanation of the way they go to work, they proceed to smash up the danger in a rip-roaring, galloping finish. Finally, as the criminals go off to gaol, the voice of the G-Man speaks: "Once again you have seen proof that *Crime Does Not Pay!*"

BUT the story they tell is often less interesting than the way they tell it. For the *Crime Does Not Pay* series has achieved some of the fastest moving scripts in the whole field of non-fictional cinema. Because every scene is staged, they start with a gigantic advantage over the average newsreel, in having the whole tempo of the action completely under the director's control. Even *The March of Time* is often forced into a slight limp by the fact that it depends on a considerable amount of newsreel material. But each *Crime Does Not Pay* scene punches out its message with the speed and force of a steam hammer. In essence, the story moves somewhat like this:

[*Close-up of Johnny's head in a telephone booth.*]

JOHNNY: O.K., Elmer. I'll be in your office at five o'clock to talk over . . .

[*Dissolve to Elmer's office.*]

ELMER: Now get this, Johnny, Jameson must be stopped before he reaches Newtown. Take the truck and go out on the Rockway Road, so as to reach the level crossing just as . . .

[*Dissolve to level crossing at night. As Jameson's car stops at the gates, Johnny's truck draws alongside. A muffled shot, Jameson is dead. Cut to Police Inspector's office.*]

POLICE INSPECTOR (*at phone*): What! Jameson shot at the Rockway crossing! Well, doesn't that just give us what we want on Elmer . . .

(Continued on next page)

(Crime Does Not Pay—contd.)

[*Cut to Elmer's office. A knock—Police Inspector enters . . .*]

The idea for each story comes straight from Edgar Hoover's files. Then the rough outline goes right through the main M.G.M. scripting department, receives all the sifting and polishing of a fully fledged feature. In fact, the full feature style of work goes right through production. Most shorts are made either by technicians in training, or by men who concentrate on that job because they can't find a better in the main studios. But for *Crime Does Not Pay*, M.G.M. uses most of its star directors and cameramen during the odd periods when there is a lull in their main work. That fact explains much of the technical sparkle, that has sent the series skyrocketing to success. But the casting presents the most surprising variation from normal practice.

The first of the series was called *Buried Loot*. It presents the story of the bank clerk who embezzles $100,000, buries his treasure, confesses, and goes to jail for fifteen years in the hope of coming out to spend the rest of his life in the ease of wealth. When five years have made him long for freedom, he gets the chance to escape, takes it, burns his face with acid to alter his appearance, digs up his loot, only to be arrested, finding that the man who helped him escape was a government agent, and that now he has not only ruined his looks past all hope of repair, but faces the remainder of his term without the money at the end of it. The young villain, who finished the picture in a state of horribly burnt ugliness, didn't even have his name among the credits. His name was Robert Taylor, and he was making his first appearance in an M.G.M. picture!

The latest in the series, *What Price Safety*, exposes the gangster builder, who uses such bad materials that eventually the entire block collapses. (The M.G.M. set-builders staged a full-sized fall specially for this picture.) The hero is the young foreman who risks a gangster bullet to turn police informer. *His* name is Lionel Royce—a tough handsome of the Spencer Tracy school. Few people have heard of him yet; but in their more confiding moments M.G.M. admit that they are grooming him for stardom, and that if their hunch is right, it'll be the Robert Taylor story over again.

In yet a third, *Soak the Poor*, the lead was played by veteran character-star Leon Ames. That fact probably sums up the secret of *Crime Does Not Pay* success: a testing ground for youth, PLUS the technique of veterans. So far twelve in the series have been issued. Others are ready for release, or in production. Each one does a service to the American nation; gives a thrill to John Public wherever it is shown; is a training ground for stars and technicians of the future; and helps to fill the M.G.M. coffers. Few films can hope to do better than that!

"With a sufficient supply of nickels you can have a seven-course dinner at any Automat"

BEHIND THE SCREEN

Stephen Watts, Sunday Express Film Critic, is taken for a train-ride by John Grierson

THIS is a pleasant book* for train reading. Stephen Watts, film critic on London's *Sunday Express*, has had the bright idea of collecting expert views on the different phases of popular film production, and has certainly gone the simplest way about it. As Will Rogers might say, "I only know what I read in the book"—and what I gather is that Stephen Watts went to Sam Eckman of Metro-Goldwyn and told him what he wanted, and Sam Eckman said: "O.K., old boy, I'll collect them for you." And that's the way the book is. The M.G.M. personnel has done Mr. Watts proud. Stromberg writes on production, Cukor on direction, Frances Marion on scripts, Cedric Gibbons on art direction, Adrian on clothes, Bill Grady on casting, Jack Dawn on make-up, Lionel Barrymore on acting, Douglas Shearer on sound, and Sam Eckman himself on salesmanship. All the photographs, with perhaps an odd exception, are from Mr. Eckman's photographic department, and even the dedication is kept within the family. It is to Norma Shearer Thalberg.

All this makes for admirable simplicity. What with all the company diplomacy, no ripple disturbs the quiet waters of perfect isolation. M.G.M.'s wonder films supply every perfect example, M.G.M.'s method every perfect illustration. No one criticises anybody else, hardly anyone confesses to a flaw in the vast and perfect machine. I won't say the result is complacent, for it is remarkable with what humility most of the experts

* "Behind the Screen", edited by Stephen Watts (Barker, 8/6).

have discussed their work. But one gets the feeling that the great horizon of the screen is short-focussed, and that M.G.M.'s excellence can be a bit of a bore. At York, as my train rolled on, I ordered a double Zanuck.

These complaints made, let me say that Stromberg's account of the producer's role is the clearest and best I have read anywhere. He strikes a nice balance in his account of the producer's responsibility to finance on the one hand, and to his creative team on the other, and he goes to the root of the matter in the importance he places on the script. I wish that everyone would grasp this.

"To my mind, the greatest function of the producer is to guide and control the shape the script takes as the writer works on it. To be able to do that well is the greatest value of a good producer. He, the producer, may not be capable of writing a line himself. But he knows what effect he wants to produce, and to keep his film to that steady line is his mission. He is the mould into which his workers pour their ideas. His is the fixed shape of the finished film. What fits the mould may come in and welcome. But nothing else. I would sum up the equipment of the producer in three words—feeling, formula, showmanship."

The other way of saying this, of course, is that no film can be better than the character of its producer will allow, and it does not matter how brilliant the writers, directors and actors may be. But, as Stromberg points out, the producer has special duties which lie outside the consideration of his colleagues. "Remember that the producer has to make a film that the public will wish to see in numbers sufficient to bring the money back, and he must not indulge his fancies unduly at the risk of failing in this important responsibility. And he has more than the public to please. He has to clear two important hurdles—the exhibitor and the press, and the greatest obstacle is the exhibitor, who thinks he knows what the public wants. No matter how confident the producer may be that he can gauge audience reactions, he must make allowance for these people standing between him and the public. If crossed, they can vitally affect the fate of his film."

Stromberg's account of this cold-blooded responsibility will serve for all producers. Cukor's account of direction will not serve for all directors. He describes only his own personal method, and however pleasantly he points out his limitations, the chapter on direction is none the less only a partial glimpse of direction. Cukor, of course, relies more than most directors on his actors, and as a director of actors has few betters. He describes well the process by which he achieves sympathetic direction, and to what extent he allows his actors and actresses to introduce their own conceptions. Like the producer, he rightly says that the director is the mould into which his workers pour their ideas. But any careful study of the terms of direction would have had a very different director—say, Hitchcock—as a counterweight to Cukor. There is an art of direction in which the actors count rather less, and the unique creative powers of the medium rather more, than with Cukor. And my own sympathies would lie very definitely with Hitchcock.

Nevertheless, Cukor reads like the good craftsman he is, and I like particularly his passage on co-operation. "The art of direction is to hold a delicate balance between giving something to and taking something from, the people with whom he works. A director must never think of his work as a one-man job. I want to make not only the stars, but the assistant electrician feel that they are there to supply something to the composite whole of the picture that nobody else can supply."

At this point, to be blunt about it, the book toboggans. Frances Marion is either staggeringly slight on scenario writing, or scenario writing is a staggeringly slight affair these days in Hollywood, which, remembering Ben Hecht, is absurd. Here are some of Miss Marion's dicta, and I shall not bother to discuss them.

"What the spectator wants to see in a picture is fascinating people in action. And a character fascinates when he presents the qualities that the members of the typical audience would like to possess in themselves. It is imperative that he have certain long-approved traits. An amazing number of financially successful pictures offer a hero and heroine who markedly present some characteristic that has been regarded as admirable by generations of mankind. . . . . Weakness, mental, moral or physical, in hero or heroine, very rarely appeals to motion picture-goers, perhaps because they see too much of it in real life. Nor may the villain have more than temporary success in his scheming."

So, with a sweep of her pretty pen, go all the heroes of tragedy. And finally—is it naïvely, or complacently, or cynically, or sadly, or truly?—"few producers will welcome any radical departure from the types of plot that have proved to be money makers. Of course, the story made from these patterns must be given as much freshness and novelty as possible. Ancient plots, such, for example, as Cinderella, Rags to Riches, the Sacrifice Rewarded in the End, if done with likeable characters and any degree of freshness, can be depended upon to do well at the box office. The presentation of these old plots, if possible, should be timely: they should be tied up with some event, situation, character and affair that is of public interest."

After which, it is perhaps not surprising to learn that with a sufficient supply of nickels you can have a seven-course dinner at any Automat, and that you can learn to write screen stories by taking a course in same at the University of Southern California.

In one other chapter I was so interested that I have suggested to the Editor that he should reprint a section of it. It is Jack Dawn's description of the shadows he paints on human faces, the inlays with which he builds up new faces, and the oils with which he can transfigure a face. "When we want wrinkles, we cut them in. We follow nature itself in portraying the shape of a face, rather than merely contributing lines to the existing shape". Mr. Dawn sounds altogether frightening, and I am not sure any more how much of anybody I have seen on the screen belongs to the original. Is it possible that Clark Gable's ears are yet another of Mr. Dawn's masterpieces?

I am reminded, too, of what John Gilbert remarked when he saw Lon Chaney making up in agony with a white celluloid eye, for *East of Mandalay*. "I would sooner be an actor" said Gilbert. But, if we must have synthetic pictures, we might as well know how far this synthesis of faces can go. Their master mind is not, as I thought, Louis B. Mayer, nor even Frances Marion, with her Automat for screen writers, but this make-up man, who requires for the practice of his art "a knowledge of anatomy, sculpture and painting", and whose pet assistant he discovered in a bakery "modelling small figures for a window display".

I would like to drift on through the many essays of the book in this way, but I shall take a passing crack at the hopeful Mr. Stothart, and be done. He, poor man, in spite of these troubling thoughts of synthesis, believes that motion picture music is "developing a new group of composers of great dramatic music that in time may result in great classicists of the future. . . . From them will surely arise eventually a Beethoven". How this is to be achieved is described for us in his account of the music for *Mutiny on the Bounty*.

"I saw in the scope and magnitude of the story an opportunity for something new in music for the screen . . I drew on ancient ship chanties, music of old English carols, and other authentic sources, and used these as a pattern to weave together my musical narrative. A symphony orchestra of 100 pieces was employed. . .. One of the dramatic highlights of the film was the portion marking the departure of H.M.S. *Bounty* from Portsmouth Harbour . . . Impressionistic themes aided in giving pictorial reality to the harbour, the ships, and then an intensely dramatic arrangement of 'Rule Britannia' gave a climax in smashing crescendo . . . . Choruses, with old chanties such as 'Blow a man down' and 'What shall we do with a drunken sailor' [sic] were used with orchestration in the scenes where anchors were raised or winches manned. Music of the South Seas, with its dreary melodic phrases, and its steel guitars, and its unusual tom-tom effects, was woven into a modern treatment for the Tahitian sequences, some barbaric, some idyllic."

There is, in other words, a great deal in the book to consider, and, it may be, a great deal in the book to splutter with rage over. Take it light-heartedly, for it is done in the Roman fashion, reclining on a couch with small pieces of paper. You may even find it, as I did, the best reach-me-down in film books for many a day. It is easy, neither tight in the arm-pits nor exacting at the seat. A critical shower of rain would reveal it, of course, as another matter, but let that pass. There is only one special word I have to say to Mr. Watts. We will let him get by with it this time, but if he will take a tip from a veteran, he will never do it again. Once, as a young critic in New York, I got a lot of inside stuff from Paramount and concentrated on it as he has now concentrated on M.G.M. "Variety" took me round the houses, and very rightly. In a film critic, concentration is liable to be misunderstood, and is best avoided.

CARTOONS

To-day is the day of the picture. Cartoonists have long been important and useful to Society. The future promises them an even more decisive rôle, writes Isabel Simeral Johnson in this survey of cartoon history.

A CARTOON ON THE TEA-TAX, 1774. The caption reads:

A NEW METHOD OF MACARONY-MAKING AS PRACTISED IN BOSTON.

For the Custom House officer's landing the Tea
They Tarr'd him and Feathered him just as you see
And they Drench'd him so well both behind and before
That he begged for God's sake they would drench him no more.

CARTOONING, as we know it to-day, is an outgrowth of caricature. Cartooning is not caricature evolved to a higher plane. Rather, a division seems to have occurred at some time in the seventeenth century, and thereafter two simultaneous developments are apparent—*caricature*, or the distorted representation of an individual, and *cartooning*, which is the more or less distorted representation of issues, situations, and ideas. . . .

The earliest cartoonists revelled in personal caricature. Exaggerated drawings of an individual's deformities were hailed as the height of humour. The more malignantly cruel, the funnier the drawing was deemed to be. As Miss Repplier has said, "The unhallowed alliance between the cruelty that we hate and the humour that we prize is a psychological problem that frets the candid mind". But since the middle of the nineteenth century, cartoons, especially in America, have moved farther and farther away from personal caricature. The individual is rarely attacked to-day except as the sponsor or symbol of principles which the artist disapproves. Cartoons have grown subtle and intellectual.

From Holland the cartoon travelled with slight delay to England, where it found a congenial freedom, though even in England the royal family was never caricatured before the advent of the House of Hanover. William Hogarth (1697-1764), the first of England's eminent graphic satirists, arraigned the society of his time in *Mariage à la Mode*, *The Rake's Progress*, *The Harlot's Progress*, *Idleness and Industry*, *Gin Lane;* and lived to see the correction of some of the worst abuses which he attacked. William Hazlitt wrote of Hogarth: "His pictures are not imitations of still life, or mere transcripts of incidental scenes and customs, but powerful moral satire exposing vice and folly in their most ludicrous points of view and with a profound insight into the weak sides of character and manners. . . . His object is not so much 'to hold the mirror up to nature' as 'to show vice her own image' . . . Criticism has not done him justice but public opinion has".

AFTER HOGARTH

Two notable cartoonists followed Hogarth —Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) and James Gillray (1757-1815). Rowlandson was a very genius of social satire, but so gross in the treatment of his themes that his drawings become repellent. Gillray was England's first great political cartoonist. His task and delight it was to depict the contemporary Napoleon, who had come to seem the incarnation of indomitable glory, as after all only a swaggering guttersnipe, swollen with self-importance. He portrayed the victorious Emperor as a tiny, bumptious Gulliver strutting into the presence of a Brobdingnagian King George. Naturally a Liberal, Gillray was nevertheless driven by the excesses of the French Revolution into the Tory fold, and did much to build in England a cohesive public unity against Napoleon.

Of Gillray's Napoleonic series the most significant is *Napoleon in the Valley of Death*. The theme is taken from Bunyan's conception of Christian treading that grim path. Note in the background the figures of two

French generals, Junot and Dupont, and that of Charles XII of Sweden, all three implying dire warnings to the ambitious Corsican. Junot, who served with Napoleon in Italy and Egypt and conquered Lisbon, had been forced to evacuate Portugal the month before this cartoon appeared. Dupont, brilliantly successful at Friedland and Marengo, had met defeat early in the same year (1808). Charles XII, after successive victories in central Europe, had been defeated by Peter the Great (1709) and forced to flee to Turkey. The unrivalled genius of Gillray's work was marred in many instances by an extreme coarseness. This coarseness was not attributable to the times in which the artist lived, as was Hogarth's, but to a vulgarity that betrayed a mind wallowing in horrors, a coarseness malignant, frenzied, savage, obscene, half-insane—the symptoms of a mind which finally became incurably mad.

George Cruikshank (1792-1878) drew political cartoons, but only during his youth. His social satire soon turned to illustrations and the correction of abuses such as Dickens dramatised in his novels. The most familiar and perhaps the most influential of his drawings was a series called *The Bottle*, which was reproduced in many countries and at many times, serving as a temperance tract.

DOYLE AND THE FOUNDING OF PUNCH

John Doyle, whose political caricatures first appear about 1830, began the practice of presenting a likeness, a portrait, in every caricature. In these portrait caricatures, Doyle showed not only the well-known features of his subject but the characteristic pose and mannerisms. Ever since his day, cartoonists have followed this method to a greater or less extent. To him is attributed the creation of the *Punch* cartoon, usually a single figure, as his son, Richard, John Leech, and John Tenniel later developed it.

Punch, The London Charivari, was founded in 1841, and the day of the lithograph cartoon in England was over. John Doyle's son Richard, designed the cover of *Punch* as we know it now and contributed regularly to its pages until 1850, when, being an ardent Catholic, he withdrew because of the frequent use of anti-Papal material in the magazine.

The drawings of John Leech (1817-1864) first appeared in *Punch* in 1841 and continued thereafter until his death. He was probably the most loved of English satirists. With gentle kindliness he "satirised English cant and hypocrisy, poked fun at British provincial prejudices and weaknesses, accused his fellow countrymen of selfishness and pride". He was the intimate of Thackeray, of Shirley Brooks, and John Brown, and they esteemed him as one whose wit was all the more effective because it was seldom barbed and never cruel. His most famous political cartoon appeared at a critical time in the Crimean War (1853-1856) and was called *General Février Turned Traitor*. Earlier in the war Nicholas I had said that it made little difference what forces the English and French sent against his armies, because the Russians had two generals who could not be defeated —Generals January and February. In the early winter months of 1855, Nicholas died of a sudden attack of influenza. Almost at once the Leech cartoon appeared (*Punch*, March, 1855) showing "General Février" as a skeleton dressed in the uniform of a Russian general, laying his hand on the Czar, who lies prone in the falling snow.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL

To Americans the name of Sir John Tenniel may first recall his cruel cartoons of Lincoln in the early days of the Civil War. Tenniel tried to make amends at the time of Lincoln's assassination with drawings of Britannia mourning with Columbia over the dead President, but the memory of his attitude toward Lincoln and the Federal cause is not a happy one. His cartoons helped to excite British contempt for the awkward, ungainly master and the cause he led, and to embitter for many years the relationship between the two countries. Tenniel's best known cartoon is *Dropping the Pilot* (*Punch*, March, 1890), which will be remembered as showing the arrogant young Wilhelm II watching, over the side of the ship of state, the departure of the veteran Bismarck whom he has just dismissed from the chancellorship. The original drawing was given to Bismarck, who prized it greatly.

On the social side of the later period of English cartooning, stands the unique and incisive George du Maurier. During the period when his pencil was most active, Victorian England was given over to slavish admiration of "aesthetics" in art and literature, and to humble obsequiousness before the titled and "high born". Du Maurier's inimitable drawings laughed this cult out of existence.

IN FRANCE

No cartoonist of note appeared in France before the French Revolution. During certain periods before the advent of Napoleon and after his defeat much graphic satire was published, though in the interims of autocracy such demonstrations were of course sternly repressed. In this article it is possible to mention only a very few of the leading artists.

Charles Philipon, "the father of comic journalism", was an ardent republican who loathed the monarchy of Charles X and cartooned that king mercilessly. Charles had entered Paris in 1814, "in the luggage of the allies" and in 1824 succeeded his brother Louis XVIII. Most of Charles's policies were influenced if not dictated by the church, and many cartoons were directed against "Charles and his Jesuits". The revolution of 1830 placed the mild Louis Philippe, son of Philippe Egalité, Duc d'Orleans, as *roi citoyen* upon the uneasy throne. French idealism yearned, however, after republicanism.

The France of Louis Philippe was filled with vague, restless notions of popular rights and sovereignty, with thwarted desires and unsatisfied public needs. As always in times of discontent, cartoons were numerous and acrid. As his fond subjects declared, the citizen king was "nothing to boast of" in appearance. His fat and pendulous jowls, narrow forehead with small eyes close together, his toupet and whiskers, lent themselves admirably to the cartoonist's art. Philipon had founded in 1831 a short-lived magazine called *Caricature*, which was followed soon after its demise by *Charivari*, the "comic" magazine on which *Punch, the London Charivari*, was modelled. The doctrinaire Philipon gathered about him a group of "garret revolutionaries", of whom the greatest was Honoré Daumier. Their trenchant pencils made history.

In *Charivari*, Philipon sketched Louis Philippe with a pear for a head. The device struck the popular fancy and week after week he and his confrères rang the changes on that theme. "La Poire" appeared on billboards, in lithographs, everywhere that public attention might wander. Nearly every drawing which came from this group used the pear as a motif. Daumier was renowned for having "served up the pear with the greatest variety of sauces". Unwisely the government prosecuted Philipon for *lèse-majesté*. Haled into court he is said to have sat making four sketches—the first, a true drawing of the king. This he held up to the jury—"Gentlemen, this resembles the king. Do you condemn it?" The second sketch showed the toupet and whiskers "flowing together" and a vague outline of a pear suggesting itself. The third had the distinct shape of a pear, but still resembled the king, while the fourth was a drawing of an ordinary Burgundy pear. Holding up the fourth sketch, Philipon remarked blandly: "If you are consistent, gentlemen, you cannot acquit this sketch for it certainly resembles the other three". Philipon was fined nevertheless, and later Daumier was imprisoned on the same charge. Philipon and Daumier had their revenge, however. The "pear", with some later cartoons picturing Louis Philippe as Bluebeard about to murder his newest wife, "Constitution", and other drawings satirising the members of Louis's cabinet, literally laughed the *roi citoyen* off his throne.

Daumier, the greatest of the *Charivari* group, was at first a satirist of manners. He himself apparently hated his cartoons which the people loved. He served *Charivari* until his eyesight failed (1872) except during three years when he devoted himself to painting (1860-1863). Painting was the art he loved and for that he vainly sought public recognition. Only after his death was his greatness as a painter recognised. Daumier's cartoons of 1848, of the '50's and of the Commune, show clearly how difficult it was for him to rejoice over revolutions when he hated the inevitable excesses. When the Third Republic was established, this artist was of inestimable service to the new unstable government. He had lived through three monarchies, two republics, and an empire; his opinions were respected and influential; he was personally beloved. From day to day he pictured scenes which reminded the wavering citizens of what they had suffered under the empire and what they had to hope for under a republican regime.

There were other notable French cartoonists, Gavarni of this same period who in 1831 published his only noteworthy political cartoons in *La Mode*. Gavarni's technique was excellent, but as Ashbee remarked, "fine

draughtsmanship wasted—on everlasting cuckoldry". He prostituted his great skill by picturing the roué's life as the only one worth living and ridiculed every virtue as bourgeois. Randon, Gill (who liked to pillory Gambetta), Forain of Dreyfus days, and others, played important roles, but further discussion of their work is not possible here.

IN HOLLAND

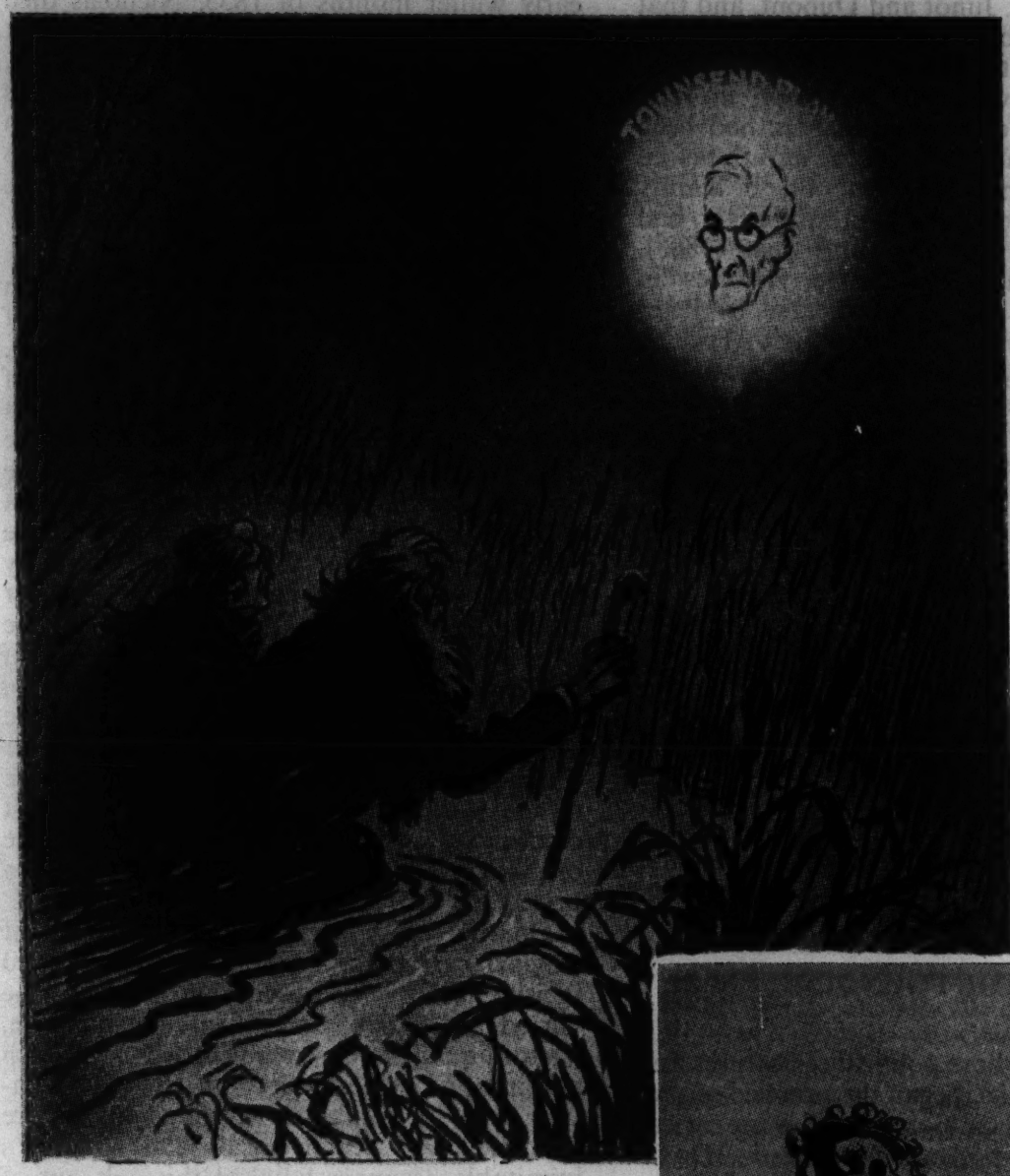
In this twentieth century no cartoonist has wielded so great an influence upon so many of his contemporaries and through them upon history, as the famous Hollander, Louis Raemaekers, during the World War. As a citizen of a neutral country and an eye-witness of the invasion of Belgium, he had authority. Most of his drawings appeared first in the Amsterdam *Telegraaf;* they are reproduced in every country on the globe. So bitter was the feeling in Germany toward Raemaekers, according to the English critic H. Perry Robinson, that a German newspaper, summarising the terms of peace which Germany would exact, declared that indemnity would be demanded for every one of Raemaekers' cartoons. The same authority relates that a Dutch sentry, stationed at Waals in Limburg where wire fencing marked the frontier through the main street of the town, heard from a German sentry that there was one man in Holland who, if the Dutch soldier could induce him to step across the line, would be worth 12,000 marks. That man was Raemaekers. One of the best known of Raemaekers' cartoons was called *The Adoration of the Magi* and showed Wilhelm II of Germany, Francis Joseph of Austria, and Mahommet VI of Turkey, bringing gifts to the new-born Saviour. This drawing, a superb example of satire, was evoked by the words of the Kaiser: "In these revolutionary times . . . the sole support and only protection of the Church are to be found in the Imperial hand and under the aegis of the German Empire."

IN THE UNITED STATES

The political cartoon has come into greater general use in the United States than in any other country. An English critic assures us smugly and truthfully that "The proverbial irreverence of the American mind toward even its most cherished personages and ideals has made it particularly responsive to the appeal of the caricature." We are extremists in America and the language of cartoons is for us a native tongue.

The earliest cartoons dealing with American problems or issues appeared in England, when the colonies were still under British rule. Most of these, oddly enough, show greater sympathy for the restless and rebellious colonists than for the monarch and Parliament—further evidence that the cartoon is essentially democratic.

Our first American cartoonist was Franklin—the shrewd, humour-loving politician who never permitted anger to cloud his vision or the spirit of revenge to embarrass his wisdom. The quarrels among the colonies had long distressed Franklin for he saw, more



Left:
Vaughen Shoemaker: The Will o' the Wisp (Chicago Daily News)

Below:
By Honoré Daumier, 1871

(*Huntington Gallery*)

clearly than most, that the future depended upon unity. When the unhappy struggle between the colonists and the French for possession of the lands west of the Alleghenies was about to break out, Franklin, urging the colonies to unite against their common foe, published in his *Pennsylvania Gazette*, May 9th, 1754, the famous snake cartoon. This wood block depicted a snake cut into eight pieces, this number of pieces presumably representing the colonial divisions then eligible to send delegates to the Albany Congress about to convene June 19th, 1754. The caption was "Join or Die". With slight variations this cartoon was used for many years in different journals and at various crises.

The early nineteenth century produced a few cartoonists, notably William Charles and Amos Doolittle. Charles, a Scotsman, had been forced to leave his own country and had come to the colonies, where he produced many drawings of the War of 1812, which was marked by an almost complete dearth of cartoons. Controversy is the cartoonist's staff of life; he starves in times of "brotherly love". After 1824 the flow of cartoons set in again, and never since that time, with the exception of an occasional slight coma, has the spirit of controversy, and with it the cartoon, failed to flourish in the political life of the United States.

In contrast to the slightly organised and tepid campaigns which had gone before, Jackson's political battles of 1828 and 1832 were vibrant with personal abuse, vituperation, and slander. Material abounded for the cartoonist. A veritable flood of cartoons accompanied Jackson's re-election in 1832. The crude, rugged frontier democrat was the delight of cartoonists, whatever their political creed. But three other figures in the entire history of American cartoons have stirred such extremes of affection, hatred, and scorn among cartoonists. The other three are Horace Greeley, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt. All were essentially individual, strongly-marked personalities with political creeds and methods clearly defined.

CARTOONS ENTER THE PERIODICALS

The cartoons of Jackson's time and after were issued separately as engravings, later as lithographs. They were sold by local booksellers and posted in public places or passed from hand to hand. During the 1860's and '70's the cartoon in this separate form began to disappear. Cartoons then became an eagerly awaited feature of the illustrated magazines such as *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Vanity Fair*, *Puck*, *Judge* and the *Wasp*. The giant of those days was Thomas Nast, a young German, who came to America as a child, returned to Europe to follow the fortunes of Garibaldi, and finally joined the staff of *Harper's Weekly*. His first great service to his adopted country occurred during the days of the Civil War when Lincoln called him "our best recruiting sergeant".

The most widely circulated of his cartoons in those years was the *Compromise Cartoon*. In 1864 McClellan, who had been relieved of his command as head of the Army of the Potomac, following a series of military disasters, ran for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket against his former commander-in-chief. The Democratic platform declared the war a failure and demanded an early peace of compromise. From Nast came this cartoon, which was reproduced by the hundreds of thousands as a campaign document.

Nast's most spectacular work, however, was connected with his renowned attack on the Tweed Ring in New York. About 1870, it will be recalled, four men controlled New York City as if it were their personal property. They were William Marcy Tweed, *alias* "Big Bill" or the "Boss"; Peter Barr Sweeney, "Brains" or "Pete"; Richard B. Connolly, "Slippery Dick"; and A. Oakey Hall, or "O.K. Haul" as Nast called him. This quartet of early racketeers looted the city treasury and preyed upon business of every kind, while enjoying a close alliance with Jay Gould and James Fisk. The *Times* and *Harper's Weekly* led an attack against them but the culprits worried little about editorials. Nast's barrage of cartoons proved to be another matter. "Let's stop them damned pictures", Tweed demanded, "I don't care so much what the papers write about me—my constituents can't read; but, damn it, they can see pictures!"

After the *Times* succeeded in getting hold of Connolly's private accounts, Tweed fled to Spain, where an illiterate Spaniard, who could nevertheless "see pictures", recognised him from a Nast cartoon and reported the presence of the "New York kidnapper" to the police. Tweed was arrested, sent back to New York, tried, and convicted. At long last the prison gates closed behind him. Nast had accomplished his purpose.

The defeat of Greeley for the Presidency in 1872 was in some part caused by Nast's cartoons. Justly or unjustly, Nast continuously linked the famous editor with the Tammany Rings. To Nast is attributed the use of the Elephant and Donkey as symbols of the two great political parties, although they had appeared occasionally as early as the 1830's. Modern cartoonists still use other symbols which were invented by Nast—the Square Cap of Labour, the Tammany Tiger, the Rag Baby of Inflation, the Full Dinner Pail. Nast's work has never been surpassed. Two advantages served his greatness. *Harper's* left him entirely free to draw whatever he wished, and he drew nothing that was not dictated by sincere personal conviction.

The tremendous success of Nast's work in *Harper's Weekly* led naturally to the founding of weekly magazines dedicated to illustration, caricature, and cartoon. Of these none was more successful than *Puck*, founded in St. Louis in 1870 by a young German, Joseph Keppler. Keppler was soon forced to abandon the original enterprise, but in 1873 he left for New York and there, three years later, September, 1876, the first German number, and in March, 1877, the first English number, of a new *Puck* appeared. Cartoons in the early numbers were in black and white and very crude, but Keppler soon learned to use colour successfully, and the fertile wits of the young German and his collaborators quickly built up a magazine which was eagerly awaited each week for its drawings, its pungent satire, its vigorous and humorous comment. Associated with Keppler were the two Gillams, Opper, Dalrymple, and others, all able artists. *Puck* reached the peak of its influence in the Presidential campaign of 1884, when James G. Blaine ran against Grover Cleveland. Keppler produced a series of cartoons against Blaine so devastating that they struck actual terror to the hearts of the candidate and his supporters, and not even the loyal allegiance of such papers as the *New York Tribune* under Whitelaw Reid could offset the impact of this gruelling attack.

The artists—sometimes Keppler himself, sometimes one of the Gillams—pictured the Republican candidate as the "Tattooed Man", his body covered with the tattooed evidence of his record in connection with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad bonds, the Mulligan Letters and other irregular transactions of which he was accused. These cartoons form an indelible part of a campaign which for bitter vituperation has never been surpassed.

DAILY CARTOONS IN THE NEWSPAPERS

The subsequent decline of the influence of *Puck* resulted not only from the early death of Keppler but also from the fact that in this same campaign of 1884 the *New York World* began, in support of Cleveland, the first series of daily cartoons ever to appear in a newspaper. The first of the series were drawn by Walt McDougall, who set his standard in the famous *Belshazzar's Feast*, picturing Blaine, "the people's friend", dining with Gould, Fisk, Vanderbilt, Depew, and other capitalists of more or less unsavoury repute.

The cartoons of Homer Davenport depicted McKinley as the tool of the capitalist, and Mark Hanna, who was regularly decked out in a suit covered with dollar signs. It is probable that most of us who think back to Hanna and the '90's think in terms of a formidable-looking thug garbed in dollar-marked clothing. That recollection is Davenport's creation. The mass of cartoons which were drawn in the "Remember the Maine" spirit created in large measure the public feeling which forced a declaration of war against Spain.

Theodore Roosevelt brought a veritable spate of cartoons—acrid, humorous, sardonic, affectionate, contemptuous, glorifying. He evoked every type.

The cartoons of the period of the Great War carried the one message that public sentiment and public action must be unified to one end. How much influence cartoons may have had in defeating the entrance of America into the League of Nations and participation in a World Court, we have not yet enough perspective to judge.

To-day is the day of the picture. The public has neither time nor wish for the great editorials which formerly did so much to mould political history. The cartoonist, no longer just a commentator on the passing show, has become an editorial writer who produces a leading article in the form of a picture. At his best the contemporary cartoonist is an intellectual with something of the prophet, the philosopher, as well as the humourist, in his make-up. He is quick to gather ideas and to concentrate them into a form immediately transferable to the reader who runs.

An examination of the contemporary cartoons recently displayed at the Huntington Library (two examples of which are reproduced herewith) shows at once to what a high degree of dignity and power the art has won. Cartoonists have long been important and useful to society. The future promises them an even more decisive rôle, and an even greater responsibility.

Civilization Comes To Africa

Edmund Duffy (*in the 'Baltimore Sun'*)

Article by courtesy of School of Public Affairs, Princeton University, U.S.A., from 'The Public Opinion Quarterly.'

NORTH SEA

IN one of last winter's gales, an Aberdeen trawler had the misfortune to ship a big sea which half-filled her, put her radio out of action, shifted the coal in the bunkers and gave her a dangerous list. Her crew spent the next forty-eight hours in pumping out water and heaving coal overboard to get her on an even keel. Many other vessels were looking for her all this time, directed by coastal radio stations, but she passed through them and came back to shore.

I came across a report made by the captain to the owners, when I was looking for material for a film on ship-shore radio for the Post Office Film Unit. You would have liked their report, because it left everything out but the bare facts.

It appears that these things are always happening. Every time there's a spell of bad weather, there's always some fishing vessels caught in it. At best they're in a tough spot, and at worst they're very near Kingdom Come.

Often the coastal radio stations are working double shifts for days on end, trying to keep track of vessels in distress, while the poor fellows on board are suffering God knows what agonies; but so long as the ship gets back safely, they all forget it until the next time, and the rest of us hear nothing about it.

Anyway, it was decided that this incident, since we had an authentic record of it, should be reconstructed in film shape as a story-documentary of ship-shore radio service, for exhibition along with other Post Office films at the Scottish Exhibition.

★ ★ ★

Described by Harry Watt

Giving an account of what promises to be one of the year's best documentaries.

★ ★

I think we may say that the presentation of a real-life incident in narrative form is a new departure for documentary. We are accustomed to descriptive documentaries and travel-films, analytical and social documentaries, but the narrative documentary is a comparatively new thing. The film is real, in so far as it tells a story that really happened, and in fact often happens. At the same time, the film is artificial, because it is a reconstruction of the story.

The people are real fishermen, fisher girls, radio operators, but they are at the same time actors, for they have lines and actions to rehearse and perform. Again, the details of incident and dialogue are in a sense artificial, because they are supplied to the story, but also real, because they are constructed from observation of actuality, and written with the eye on the subject.

Perhaps you would be interested to hear how this project worked out on production. I imagine that you want most of all to know how we got on with the direction of real people called upon to act for the first time in their lives. Well, it was not easy. There are disadvantages which must be faced. People who have never performed have no idea of voice production (how could they have?) and are often unintelligible. Some of this unintelligibility was corrected in production, some of it was left in the film for the sake of colour. Also, as you might expect, a number of the cast were somewhat stiff, especially at the first attempts.

Against these factors, however, there are many advantages—real people look right. Their faces are right, their hair is right, their hands are right, their feet, their postures, the way they pick things up and lay them down. This also is to be expected. The radio men are the real thing, and their reality more than compensates for any deficiency in acting. Also, they are patient, willing to learn and anxious to please.

The women are less satisfactory than the men—partly because they generally have more "emotional" stuff to do, and partly because they are inclined to fuss about their appearance. Yet when we consider the awkward conditions—they must act in the street, in a net factory, in a grocer's shop, with small boys all around—we have to admit they do pretty well.

There isn't much point in going into detail about the actual shooting. It meant going out in a gale. Our gale over-acted all the time, ruined all the best shots with salt water, made everybody sick, and finally drove us back to port. We would have been much better to fake it.

The film attempts to show that courage and endurance are part of the daily life of the fishermen, in fact part of their stock-in-trade. This is one of those facts that everybody knows, and nobody realises, until some tragedy occurs.

I suppose it's inevitable that nobody should pay any attention to the dangers of the sea, or the courage of the seamen, until the vessels are sunk and the fishermen drowned. It works that way with the miners, too. They are heroes only when the roof falls in, which is silly. Why should a fisherman have to get drowned before anybody notices him? Why should the ship have to go down, before it becomes news? I suppose it comes to this, that we have got so accustomed to screaming headlines that we don't believe in danger, unless somebody can produce a dead body.

Anybody who goes to see *North Sea* expecting dead bodies will be disappointed. There is no wreck. In fact, come to think of it, the film is a most pedestrian affair; nobody gives his life for his friend, there's no melodrama, it's simply the story of men at work in a particularly dangerous job, and getting out of a particularly tight corner partly by luck (all sailors require luck) and partly by hard work. Of course, it's exciting—it couldn't be otherwise. It leads up to the most terrific ending. Guess what happens. Here are the men sweating blood for thirty-six hours at a stretch, and the skipper directing them and at the same time enduring the private agony of responsibility. And guess what happens—there is an ease-up in the weather, and the wireless gets going again, and everything is all right, and they make tea.

Well, as I said, if anybody expects them to be rescued at the last minute, by a liner or a battleship, or picked up by a submarine, the film will come as a great disappointment. The film is not about what *might* happen to North Sea trawlermen, but about what *does* happen to them, and that is this—when bad weather comes, they may get drowned, or take their chance in the boats, or get back. We have tried to show that the endurance and the courage of those who get back are not less than of those who don't. I believe we are all mixed up between courage and martyrdom, and fail to recognise the one, unless it results in the other, and I don't see why we should wait till people are dead before we give them a hand.

"One of last winter's gales." *Above: "The radio men are the real thing."*

"There is no excuse for the offensive" (*"The Charge of the Light Brigade"*)

FOUR out of FIFTY

would have gone to war. A school debate on War, described by Thomas Baird

THE ribbon of concrete road stretched across the dark rich fields of Wisconsin. The last traces of winter snow still lay in the hollows. The car drew up alongside a little one-story red brick building. About a hundred yards further on was a growth of houses clustered round the cross-roads. On all sides the flat fields, with their shrivelled stocks of last year's corn, ran back to the far horizon.

Inside the school house a stove was burning, and a teacher talking to a bright-looking class. I stood at the side of the room admiring the wall pictures. There was a very good selection of photographs and some work by the children themselves. Then I saw it. It was hanging on the long wall opposite the main windows. The yellow sun was shining in on it. It was real enough. But how fantastic! Coming over these vast farm lands my head had swum in an effort to grasp the huge distance. My head swam again. I closed my eyes, then opened them quickly. It was still there.

It was a map of the world. But what a map. Right in the centre was Wisconsin, to the left was the Pacific and to the right, the Atlantic. Far to the right was Great Britain, and then Norway; far to the left was China, Australia and Russia. The world was cockeyed. The whole world had been twisted just to suit this little red school house in Wisconsin. But they had just as much right to twist it to suit them as I had to make London or Greenwich or Kensington the centre of the world. For them this little red school house *is* the centre of the world.

But I realised that the map in my red school house had given me a special cast of thought about the lay-out of the world: these children were getting another cast, just as powerful, just as wrong. One has only to think to realise how many attitudes are born and formed this way, many of them more important than our conception of a globe we shall probably never travel.

It was just when I was speculating on this theme—on our ready-made attitudes and on the attitudes we never acquire because our teachers cannot make them ready-made—that I visited a school in New York. I went in the company of Dr. Alice V. Keliher of the Human Relations Commission of the Progressive Education Association. Dr. Keliher and her Commission are trying to devise ways and means of discussing in the classroom those subjects which have never been taught because they have been conceived among the unteachables. They are difficult to formalise, and so they have not been taught. Dr. Keliher's material is the ordinary, everyday problems of individuals in their relations with other human individuals. There are not text books with solutions to all the problems of the relation of father and son, boy and boy, man and man, and man and girl. There are still fewer guides to the problems of the individual in his human relations with society. But Dr. Keliher doesn't want rules and ready-made guides to conduct: she wants children to discuss the problems at their own level and form their own attitudes. She uses many techniques, but perhaps the most interesting is her use of film. She has secured permission to re-edit theatrical films which contain a human relations problem. This she makes a case. She has re-edited *Fury*, *The Man I Killed*, the character of the mother from *Cavalcade*, the character of the conscientious objector from *Private Jones*, the young delinquent in *The Devil is a Sissy*, and many more.

The school class we visited was to see *The Man I Killed* (known in the U.S. as *Broken Melody*). With only a slight prior comment the re-cut film was shown. The story was cut down to the following situation :

A sensitive young musician has been haunted by the face of a young German musician he killed during the war, who had not lifted a hand to defend himself, and was in the act of writing to his family when he died. The Frenchman is at the point of collapse, and goes to the church for help. He tells the priest that he has murdered a man, but when the priest has heard his confession, and realises that the man was killed in the trenches, he gives the musician absolution, telling him he had only done his duty.

"Duty?" says the boy, "Duty? Duty to *kill?* Is this the only answer I can get in the house of God?" The priest can give him no comfort, but advises that the boy go to Germany, to the family of the soldier he killed, and try to seek their forgiveness.

He goes to Germany, and seeks out the family of the dead German. The German father at first tries to turn him out of the house just because he is a Frenchman, and "millions of dead lie between us", but is interrupted by the dead boy's mother and fiancée who welcome the Frenchman, whom they have seen putting flowers on their boy's grave. They assume he has known the German in Paris, and he finds himself accepted in the family as a friend.

The German father finds his beer-drinking companions in the town tavern wish to ostracise him because he is entertaining a hated Frenchman in his home, and the old man is roused

"They must realise what war is . . ."

(*"The Road Back," Universal*)

"You just want to kill . . ."

into making a stirring indictment against hate and war. "Who sent our boys out to die, and cheered them as they went?" he asks them. "We did: we the old men, who sit at home and nurse our hate and send our sons out to die for it."

After the film had been shown once these 16-year-old school children gathered round in a semi-circle and Dr. Keliher merely asked them what they thought about it all. The following is a verbatim account of the discussion:

BOY: I think that it certainly gave a vivid picture of what went on before and after the war. Perhaps one of the reasons for war is hatred of foreigners —French and German—they did not look at the other side.

BOY: It did not consider just the last war. It is just an example of any war, and how serious future wars might be.

GIRL: Mr. Taubeneck said that the last war was just a tea party compared to what the next war will be.

GIRL: I think this shows very much how people can be set up like mechanical instruments. They have no idea of what the people are like on the other side. It shows how much we need to know about people of other countries. We should have more contacts, and know them better.

GIRL: That boy just happened to be close to the person he killed and could see him. Usually in the war they have machine guns and can shoot as far as a mile, and do not see what happens. The majority are forced into the war, and don't know anything about what they are really doing, so they don't object to it.

BOY: What about the men who are at the front? They see the other fellows die, and might be hit themselves. They would feel it more than the fellow who was doing the killing from far back.

GIRL: You must see pictures like this and

"When people heard about the terrible things the Germans did . . ."
Scenes from the famous war film "All Quiet on the Western Front" (Universal)

Continuing 'Four out of Fifty'

"War is one thing and murder is another . . ." (*A.B.F.D.*)

read "Paths of Glory" to get how terrible war can be.

BOY: The person you are fighting is not always some wild, dumb beast. He is apt to have as much intelligence if not more than you. His father has done something you don't like, and your father has sent you out to fight.

GIRL: It (the picture) was so stirring. Anyone looking at it might think that war was thrilling. If they could be sent out to the battlefield they would see what war was like.

BOY: I don't think that the reaction of war is as strong as that. The Frenchman was sensitive. The average Frenchman and German would not have a bond between them. It would have less effect, because it is either he or I must die, and this would not have such a terrible mental effect on the person who committed the crime.

GIRL: Anyone close enough to realise what was happening—a man sent out to lay wires—would know he'd be lucky to get out alive. They must realise what war is.

BOY: The mental effect is worse than the physical. The physical does not drag out so long. You are apt to go insane. If this man had not gone to see the family, he would have gone completely batty.

GIRL: The average person feels badly when he kills, but if you are on the field and know that the Germans are killing you, it is not personal, you just want to kill. I think this was exaggerated in the movie.

BOY: Sometimes it might be a question as to who did the shooting. But when someone sees what he himself has done he will feel more effect.

BOY: War is a horrible thing. We should see what we can do to prevent it.

BOY: You can't prevent it.

BOY: In the fever of war time everyone catches it, and they are looked down on if they don't subscribe.

GIRL: It is human nature for people to fight, and I see no reason why it will stop. I don't believe in war, but we will have it. I don't believe it is entirely the munitions makers' fault—they are not the whole cause.

GIRL: If you try to make world peace, and decide not to have so many warships, another country might try to get you in trouble. To prepare for peace we should be ready for war.

BOY: The purpose of the picture is to show that a great many people in Germany and France did not understand the people in the opposite countries. Maybe the countries could get together a little bit more and thus help to prevent war by understanding each other's feelings better.

GIRL: The problem really has almost no solution. Now Germany is wanting her revenge. She wants her dominions back and she can't have them because they belong to England and France and they won't give them back to her. It seems to me there is no way to solve it. No country is going to give back what they have got. It is just hopeless.

BOY: Someone said a little while ago, that the way to preserve peace is to prepare for war. It is just such an attitude as this that keeps nations armed. We must correct this by education and teach people to understand one another. It is *not* hopeless. Improve the League of Nations and the World Court—teach people to understand one another.

BOY: Before the world war, did people talk about war in schools as they do now?

LEADER: No.

GIRL: People store up lots of energy that must be used for something. It has been proved that energy is put into arts, etc., and we know that energy must be used. Why can't we spend our energy in peaceful ways of education, how to spend our leisure, etc.?

BOY: If the people in different countries understood each other—this is not possible until the dictators are chased from the world. They do not know what is going on in the country. The dictators suppress speech. There won't be understanding as long as we have dictators.

GIRL: As long as any country needs to spread out, as Germany thinks she does, then even if we do get together and get peace-minded, she has got to get more property some way or other, and will fight.

GIRL: What if Germany and Europe go into war, why must we go in?

BOY: The President recently said that all the American citizens in Spain after a certain time, would not get any help from their country. If this would hold true in other countries and other circumstances, the country would keep out of war. It is just private interests in other countries that makes us get into war—munitions makers, the Ford company and other companies. There should be no protection for American citizens in a foreign country. This brings on war.

BOY: Someone said that it was absolutely necessary for Germany, Italy and Japan to expand. It is not true that they have to expand, because Mussolini says he must have an increasing population—more and more children—and then tells them Italy needs a place for their people.

BOY: There is a misunderstanding. Whenever people talk about war or going into war, they always place Germany on the other side to the U.S. You can't tell whether Germany will be on the other side in the next war. The last war is over and should be forgotten.

GIRL: The picture shows that if you knew the person you killed you would not kill them. If you can't speak foreign languages, how can you understand them?

GIRL: How did the doctor know that the young Frenchman was French?

BOY: When he was in the graveyard the girl saw him there and asked the grave digger about him and he said he was French, and she went home and told her mother.

GIRL: The priest really did soothe the young man because he so truly believed it was his duty. Mary Tudor believed she was doing the right thing when she chopped off people's heads.

GIRL: The picture showed the inability of the priest to satisfy the questions of this man. After all the priests and the church advocate that to go to war is all right, and in this picture it showed that the church advocates war.

GIRL: The priest told him he did not commit murder, that he had done his duty. Well, he did. He must protect himself. This is not considered murder when war is declared. They could not go to war and not kill. To the church murder is one thing and war is another.

BOY: In the first place, anyone who has ever been in the leading churches of to-day knows that the church never stood for war. What it does stand for is that every man must protect his own home, his children, wife and family. This is the manly thing to do. It is one's duty to one's family and one's God. They (the church) do not advocate war.

BOY: "Must protect your family and your country". This is a fine thing, but I think that all this stuff about "Americanism" and "Hail Hitler" is one of the big things that causes war. A man can stand by his country, but I don't think a country can ask a man to give up his life for it. If a person does not believe in war he should not go to war.

LEADER: How about this? What would happen?

MANY: He goes to jail.

GIRL: Their families get down on them if they don't go to war. They cheer them when they go.

GIRL: If you are married you don't have to go to war, do you?

BOY: I think it is pretty low of a person who has been born and brought up in a country and has been protected by American citizenship all his life. I think the least he could do is to go out and fight for his country and protect it with his life.

GIRL: When people heard about the terrible things which the Germans did they got worked up. The atrocity stories were not true, and there were some on the other side.

BOY: When Sherman rode from Atlanta to the sea what would you have done? Wouldn't you have protected your home, wouldn't you have gotten out and fought too? Don't you think people should fight to protect their own homes?

GIRL: It is all right when you are on the defensive, but there is no excuse for offensive.

BOY: "The best defence is an offence".

BOY: Why should a man when he has helped to build up his country try to tear it down by going to war?

GIRL: I think the mother and father of the German boy were natural. The father was inclined to be bitter because his son had been killed. I think the mother was very wise about it, and very human.

BOY: Perhaps because the mother had been home she was more concerned with the home, and the father had outside interests in business, perhaps his income was cut. Perhaps this would have something to do with his antagonism to the French. But the mother was concerned with the family rather than with countries.

BOY: It is typical. The average man feels this way about war. There is a great difference between the man and woman in this case. I think the man would not have acted this way, but the woman is O.K. The man's hatred was too deep.

GIRL: There are sentimental men and sentimental women. It depends.

GIRL: He felt it on his conscience because he had helped the war, and felt bitter, therefore. But the mother did not have any hand in it and thus was not so bitter.

GIRL: I think she felt just sorry about losing her son. I don't think any of them felt bitter towards everyone.

GIRL: Do you think he had the courage to tell the family that he had killed their son?

LEADER: What about the father saying his heart was with the young men now?

BOY: He changed because he wanted to show the young men the mistake the older men had made.

GIRL: He wanted to show the older men the mistakes they had made.

BOY: Something that impressed me was the obvious need for education and understanding between nations, because the realisation did not come to the young man who had killed the man until after he had done it—after the war. Education must be done before war takes place.

LEADER: How much understanding is there between American and Japanese, for instance?

BOY: There are Japanese teachers going through our schools to-day, 35–40 of them. It shows there is something going on.

GIRL: How do we know which way they are going to use that information?

BOY: How many boys in the group would have gone to the war rather than to prison?

Four Boys out of a Mixed Group of About Fifty Showed Hands.

LEADER: Have people gone to prison rather than to war?

VARIOUS VOICES: Eugene Debs, Bertrand Russell.

GIRL: My grandfather went to prison because he had three sons he would not send to war.

BOY: It seems to me that the intelligent people were those who did not go.

BOY: How do you figure that?

BOY: One of the big troubles with Europe to-day is that most of the intelligent young men were killed off in the war. Lots of the best men were killed in the war.

GIRL: Somebody said that intelligent people do not go to war. But the young people do not know. They would be called dumb for not going. Older people might go to prison because they could think it through, but not the young people.

One need hardly comment. More discussion of this type and fewer short cuts to knowledge like the map in my old school room or the one in that school house in Wisconsin, and there might be more wisdom.

recent war film: Franchot Tone & Spencer Tracy in 'They Gave Him a Gun.' (*M.G.M.*)

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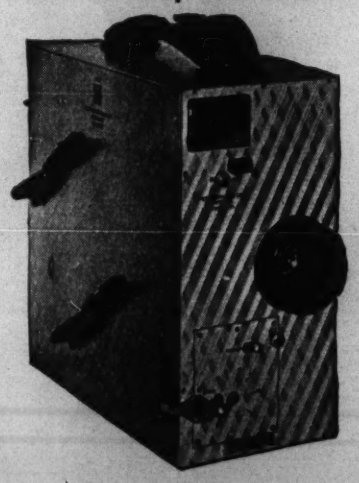

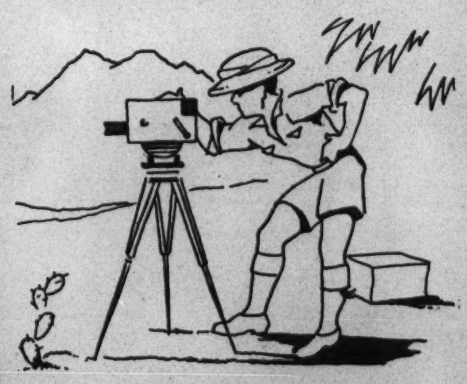

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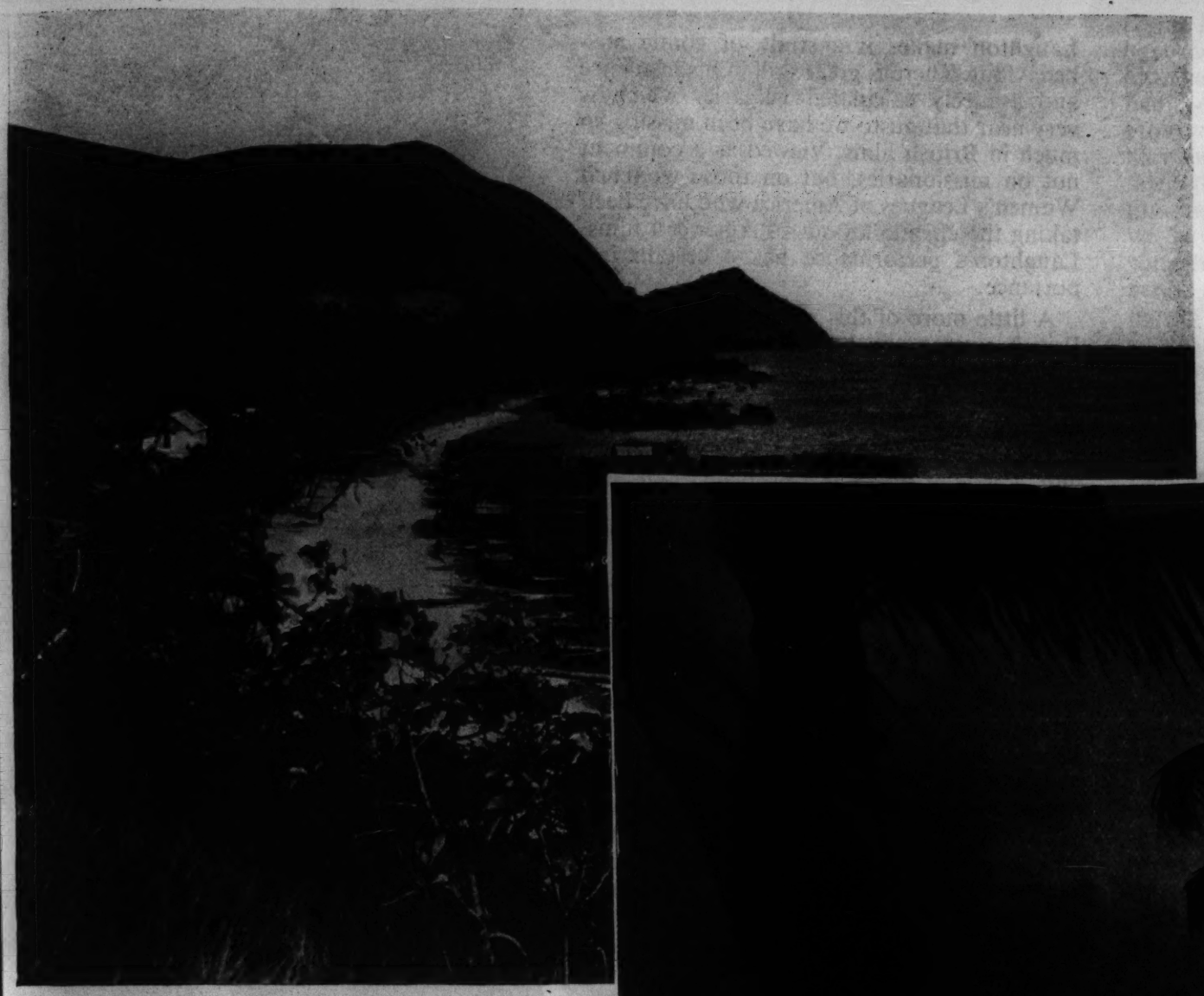


(*Cameramen in the South Seas—Continued from page* 15)

Between them they have directed crowd scenes of a thousand people. They have sweated in the dark room loading magazines and developing tests. They have altered the script to local conditions—they have picked the cockroaches out of the pool of yellow grease that is supposed to be butter, and in the end they get the reward of faithful servants, they shoot the old pearler—and with it in the can, they get drunk to celebrate the last of the pearlers and the success of a Hollywood super. It is a romantic ending, it could almost fit the end of their film.

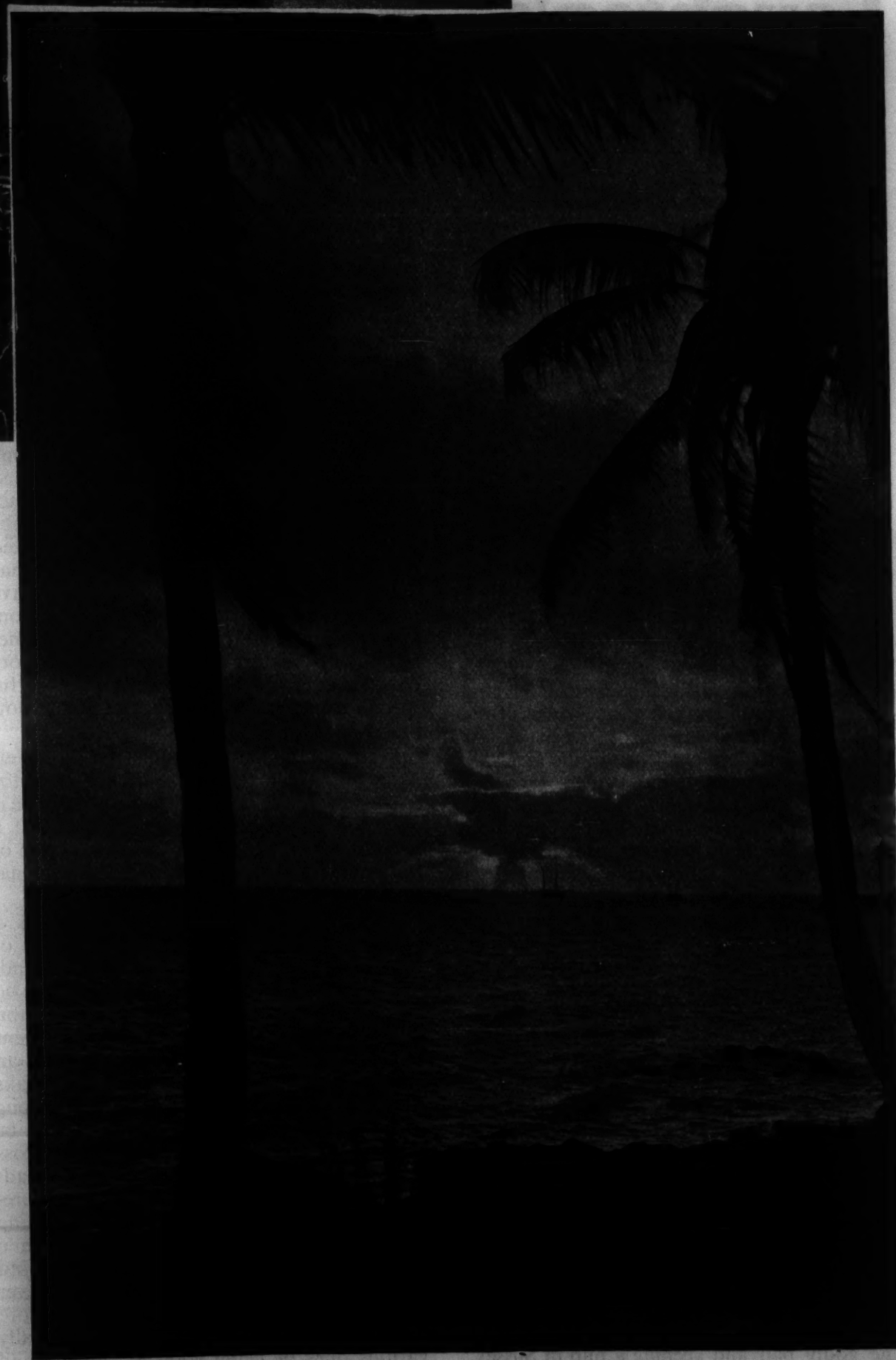
But alas! life is not like that.

DELAY IN ANSWERING YOUR CABLE DUE TO PRESS OF WORK IN RECENT REORGANISATION OF STUDIO – SENT DRAFT AMOUNT REQUESTED SAMARAI – YOUR FORMER PRODUCER BEFORE SAILING FOR EUROPE LAST WEEK REQUESTED ME TO NOTIFY YOU – HAVE REWRITTEN SCRIPT – DISREGARD PEARLING SEQUENCE – HAS BEEN SHOT AT CATALINA ISLAND – RETURN HOLLYWOOD AT ONCE – LEAVE SAMARAI FOR AUSTRALIA NEXT BOAT – SHOOT ATMOSPHERIC SCENES OF BATHING GIRLS IN SWIMMING TANK ABOARD LINER ALSO PICK UP FEW SHOTS SURFBOARD RIDING AT HONOLULU – I WANT THESE FOR NEW SEQUENCE IN PICTURE – A. B. KUSSKOFF.

And Shackleford says: "They'll finish it with mirrors and mermaids—they've tossed it to the dance directors."

* * * *

Two Lugs on a Lugger (Hutchinson, 12/6) is a good book on film making. Dromgold has a racy style of descriptive writing—his characters and dialogue are real and vivid, while Shackleford's stills which illustrate the book are excellent.



Top left: Piri Village. Above: Night Sky. (*From "Two Lugs on a Lugger"*)

John Grierson reviews Laughton's latest film— 'VESSEL OF WRATH'

Vessel of Wrath is the first offspring of the new Mayflower Company, the strongest and most promising of Britain's young production units. It has the financial backing of John Maxwell and the great Palaces of the A.B.C. circuit are yawning to receive it. Its cost of £80,000 is a challenge to the £150,000 spent so unhappily on British epics of the past. In personnel it represents an important new combination. The producer is Erich Pommer, veteran maestro of the classical German school of cinema and the most competent working producer in Britain to-day. Star and partner in the company's affairs is Charles Laughton, anxious to keep his talent under the British flag, and throwing himself with fury into the building of this new machine. "Twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week and no thanks for it, for two or three years," he wrote to me a few weeks ago.

For these, among other reasons, it is important that *Vessel of Wrath* should succeed. With British films in the doldrums a cloud no bigger than a man's hand is all we need to renew our spirit.

As every one must know now *Vessel of Wrath* is the Somerset Maugham story of the beachcomber in the South Seas who in drunkenness and debauch defies the reforming zeal of a couple of English missionaries and finishes off by marrying the female member of the godly pair and keeping a pub in Sussex. Laughton makes it a study of comic misbehaviour. There is great skill in his insolence and a nicely calculated vulgarity which is very near that gusto we have been missing so much in British films. Viewed as a comment not on missionaries, but on those wretched Women's Leagues of America who have been taking the corpuscles out of American films, Laughton's performance has a certain importance.

A little more of this sort of thing and the British cinema will be able to challenge the American on the simple ground of sophistication. No one will be more sensitive to the challenge than the Hollywood producer.

Like any first film from a new production unit, *Vessel of Wrath* is a problem child, and just because it is important one has to say so. *Henry VIII*, the epic of Royal bedsheets, produced no heirs male. This one may if its errors are realised and the Mayflower Unit's arrangements tightened up accordingly.

For one thing the film does not drive through to its ending. The last third is no resolution of the first two and the film fails in narrative power. I think I know why. Somewhere else in this issue Hunt Stromberg points to the fundamental necessity of having someone decide the mould of a film and see to it that all the participants fit their contribution into the mould. Here the mould has not dictated the part of the actors. They have spilled their business on and over and round about, with great generosity but a minimum of discipline.

In the first place for reasons of economy Pommer has acted as both producer and director—a silly thing to do as Pommer should know, better than anyone. Where the cold-blooded eye of the producer was wanted the warm appraising eye of the director has taken command. Director and actor have produced a similar undisciplined situation. Because presumably Laughton was partner in this new venture he has been given more than his due, and I know of no more fearful spectacle under the sun than an actor footloose.

I do not blame Laughton but Pommer. After all it is in the nature of a good actor to be the worst of critics. Especially when he is good, no one will ever convince him that a medium which like the film can do so much of his acting for him, is not stealing his personal thunder.

I like Laughton very much, for he is a brilliant fellow, but I like the future of British films even more. He will not mind, therefore, if I suggest an elementary lesson in the categories. The trouble with Laughton is that he is good at several very different things. He has skill in tragedy and has an ambition to play King Lear. He speaks rhetoric with a flair almost unique among modern actors, and though there may be mannerism in the way he slides across a full stop no one will forget his reading of the Bible in *Rembrandt*. He is, moreover, a dangerously good and upsetting showman in his capacity for lagging on a cue and exaggerating an acting trifle behind the back of his director. No scrum half ever played the blind side of a referee more knowingly. Add to these talents the equally various ones of being good at comedy and

quite brilliant in slapstick and you have a deadly mixture of virtues.

In any single film you can't possibly have the lot. Lear cannot possibly at the same time act the Fool, and Macbeth take his place among the porters. That precisely is what Laughton is forever doing. He does not understand economy, and by the mere process of being everything by starts and nothing long, is the greatest saboteur a film could have.

It may all come from his anxious desire to add everything of himself to the value of the film. But the damage is certain. Laughton one at a time would be the wonder of the day. Five at a time he is a producer's headache.

I have quarrelled a great deal with people over *Vessel of Wrath*. But I soon found we were quarrelling over very different things. I viewed it as principally slapstick and was prepared to forgive the odd departures into drama and sentiment. My arguers had viewed it as drama and were bewildered by the fact that it was mostly slapstick. See the film as, nearly, in the category of Laurel and Hardy, and you will see *Vessel of Wrath* at its best.

But this does not absolve Pommer and Laughton from making up their minds more decisively next time. Knowing Laughton a little, I think he should come through. A strategic retreat from his own talents is what is called for.

Stuart Legg reviews IN OLD CHICAGO and GOLDWYN FOLLIES

THIS film may be part leg-show, part cheap sensation, part hack-stuff. It may be superficial and smart-aleck at a thousand points. But let there be no mistake; behind all this a city is growing, even though it rival Corinth in wickedness. And for this reason alone *In Old Chicago* is the most important picture in town by a mile and Darryl F. Zanuck is to be congratulated (whether he likes it or no) on steering as near to civic education as his Hollywood upbringing will decently allow.

If the picture fails to be really big (apart from its £400,000 budget) it is because Zanuck has tackled an infernally difficult theme for the first time. Building a city may be epic, but it is epic in vastly different terms from the guns and horses and moustaches that conquered the prairie. Civic victory is won with paper weapons, fair debate and—oh, horrors—even thought. Small wonder that Zanuck takes refuge in convention and hitches the city to the O'Leary family wagon. The pard cannot be expected to change all his spots overnight.

The trouble with this method of interpreting a great community through half a dozen of its citizens is that every domestic gesture of the chosen few may or may not be symbolic of some public issue. It gets hard to draw the distinction. In the opening sequence Patrick O'Leary and his wagon (Symbols of the Old World), being determined to make Chicago before nightfall, yield to the temptation of racing a train (Symbol of the New). At full gallop the traces break, Patrick describes a graceful curve, falls flat on his belly and is given a pious burial. Has the Old World really died, or has a troublesome old Irishman been shot out of the script that the story may proceed? And when Widow O'Leary, having started a fire that killed several thousand and did £40,000,000 worth of damage (it cost Zanuck £200,000 to re-stage, so it must have been pretty good) has the face to stand up against the horizon and make a speech about a new and finer city, we may well ask who the hell she thinks she is anyway.

But these shortcomings are relatively trivial. The film is a great effort and a superbly well done job.

> The more I read the papers
> The less I comprehend
> Of the world and all its capers
> And how it all will end.

So sings Sam Goldwyn's master-crooner in Sam Goldwyn's latest most supercolossal all-Technicolour musical monsterpiece. And the question raised by the sweet tenor voice crying in the wilderness is an urgent one. We have had our musicals hot and peppy; we have had them languorous and lush; we have had them with all the regimented slickness of Hollywood at its most professional; we have had them with Busby Berkeley's staggering talents for regurgitating chorus girls from flowers, ships, chariots and cornucopiæ. But we have never had one quite like this. In something under two hours there pass across the screen the following strange delights: a portable zoo, a hunk from *Traviata*, a considerable portion of the city of Venice reconstructed, a ballet of the Romeo and Juliet death scene, an army of cats, a luscious west-coast bathing beach, a water-nymph ballet, a sound-stage complete with shooting outfit, a ventriloquist's doll, the Goldwyn Girls (various ensembles as advertised), enough washing to make Bermondsey on Monday afternoon look silly, an immense quantity of water from fountains, lagoons and enchanted pools, and a collection of living beings which leave the mouth agape with wonder at the achievements of Creation.

Elastic enough, you say, must be the framework that holds this fantastic agglomeration together. You are right. The only conceivable figure who could become involved in such a shindy is the good old movie-producer; and a movie-producer it is, in the shape of Menjou, who strives to conduct the lunatic symphony. Bitten is producer Menjou with the idea that pictures lack human simplicity. "Waggon-loads of poets and dramatists I have", he asserts, "but I can't buy Humanity". He succeeds in purchasing the commodity in the form of Andrea Leeds, a film struck cutie bearing a remarkable resemblance to Janet Gaynor. A Star is Born? No, Miss Humanity is born—but the formulæ are not dissimilar. Installed in Hollywood as taste-representative of America's 200 million moviegoers, Miss Humanity, expressing liberal doses of the milk of human kindness into every picture on the floor, becomes monarch of the studio.

The results (summarised above) are Humanity. And the definition, in one sense at least, is not unsound. Indeed, the film provides an excellent opportunity for a close analysis of screen anatomy. One sequence of Vera Zorina's lips, in the prolonged kissing of three Cossacks, clarifies in a flash what Freud has been trying for years to tell us about erogenous zones ; in the opera we see the distressing effects of intense vocal effort on the sinews of the throat; on the bathing beach there are thighs to drive a sculptor crazy; and when it comes to Goldwyn's Girls the study is greatly facilitated by the placing of the camera a little below eye-level throughout a whole dance number.

But the purely anatomical can only be a brief stage in the whirlwind evolution of the musical. "How will it all end?" demands the plaintive crooner. We do not know, we cannot tell; but a month ago Sam Goldwyn made a significant statement. He said that he was not certain of the permanent drawing-power of the movies. He hinted that people might weary of them and prefer to spend the evening at home listening to the radio. Shrewd statement, Mr. Goldwyn.

"Bunch of frustrated people"

"Petrifies her leading men"

"Goes Innocently to Town"

C. A. Lejeune

Selects

The MONTH'S RELEASES

THE following list is suggested as the pick of the April releases, whether you want realism, romance, sentiment, or just plain slap-up action pictures.

Dead End

This is Goldwyn's reverential translation of the Broadway stage success, dealing with the lives of a bunch of frustrated people down by New York's East River. The story concerns an architect (Joel McCrea) who dreams of better things but never achieves them, a shopgirl (Sylvia Sidney) whose shoes are worn out with picketing, Baby-Face Martin (Humphrey Bogart), a local killer, who comes back after ten years to find his girl walking the streets, and his mother hating and disowning him, a bunch of toffs from the adjoining hotel, forced into this unsavoury area by building operations, and a crew of ragged boys of the streets, Baby-Face Martins in embryo, who live like wharf-rats, stealing and hiding, bullying and swimming.

The boys are the picture. They have been lugged across a continent to recreate in Hollywood the peculiar filth and frankness of the Manhattan tenements. Their language has been toned down for the microphones, but their faces tell unprintable things to the camera. They are the real stuff, and not even Mr. Goldwyn can glamourise them, past-master though he is in this peculiar art.

The film itself, except for two first-rate camera sequences, is more theatre than cinema. It is played in one vast tenement set, and suffers, at moments, from claustrophobia. There is no brilliant *coup de cinema*, like the barrel-organ climax of *Winterset*, to resolve and excite the final moments. But within these limits it is a remarkable film, hard-hitting and honest. The sound-track, separately recorded in Manhattan, carries all the bedlam of the East Side river-front. Bogart is Baby-Face Martin, Dillinger, Legs Diamond and all the rest—the composite Public Enemy. The small parts are alive. The scene frequently crawls with horror. *Dead End* is a précis of an urgent document, if not quite a first-rank film.

Marie Walewska

Marie Walewska is unique because it allows a leading man to out-act Garbo. As the Polish Countess Walewska, Napoleon's secret mistress and his ministering angel, Garbo stands deliberately back in the shadows and leaves Charles Boyer to take the spotlight. There is even one close-up that shows the full face of Boyer and the back of Garbo's neck. It's amazing. It's good, too, ensuring a *full* Garbo picture for the first time in fifteen years.

There is something about Garbo, like Medusa, that customarily petrifies her leading men. Up-to-date, to her great distress, she has petrified sixteen of them. Boyer, an actor of some experience both in his own country and America, has resolutely refused to be petrified. He has looked at his part and not at the star, found it good, found it, in fact, better than Garbo's, and gone at it hammer and tongs, the star standing by and encouraging. The result is a rich, moving, and well-balanced picture, a private life of Napoleon Bonaparte that carries him right through from the height of his triumphs in Poland to the final embarkation for St. Helena. Part fact, part fiction, this secret love-story is genuinely moving. You feel, which is the ultimate test of any good work of fiction, that if the thing isn't true, it certainly should have been.

Stand-In

There are no jokes about Hollywood as good as the jokes that Hollywood makes about itself. *Stand-in*, until the last romantic (and typically Hollywood) compromise, is one of the best of them.

The central thesis of the film is rich in satire. It presents the mathematical expert of a New York banking house (Leslie Howard) engaged in a statistical research into the methods of a failing film studio. Spectacles pushed high on nose, notebook in hand, this financial Mr. Deeds goes innocently to town. Tossing out such remarks as "Who is this Miss Temple? I've heard the name several times to-day. Oh, well, it's not important", he works conscientiously through the books, queries this and budgets that. Just as the film is getting to a high point of social comment, though, he spoils the whole show by falling in love with a professional stand-in (Joan Blondell).

The Awful Truth

The Awful Truth has just won for Leo McCarey the Academy award for the best direction of the year. McCarey, you'll remember, was responsible for *Ruggles of Red Gap*, *Make Way for To-Morrow*, and the early Marx Brothers pictures.

It is a light comedy, saved by a hair's breadth from the prevailing crazy manner, of the six months between the interlocutory decree and the final divorce in the lives of an otherwise ideally mated young couple.

Questions involved are such practical issues as the custody of the dog, the services of the common family lawyer, the choice of a new dancing partner, the division of property. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant discuss these problems until divorce seems, on the whole, more involved than marriage, and they reach an amicable settlement just on the deadline. Featured largely in the picture is one, Mr. Smith, alias Asta of *The Thin Man*, né Skippy the wire-haired fox terrier. Ralph Bellamy, tackling comedy for the first time as an oil man from Oklahama, supports Mr. Smith in the best of the fun.

Hopalong Rides Again

Paramount's *Hop-Along Cassidy* series has been built up on the rarish idea that westerns should have the same production quality as straight dramatic features.

All the Cassidy pictures are clean-cut, well-photographed, strong on the sound track.

" . . . More involved than marriage"

Realism, Romance, Sentiment or Just Plain Slap-up Action

The supporting parts are cast with care, not just rustled up from anywhere. William Boyd as Hopalong, Russell Hayden as Lucky, and old George Hayes as Windy, are a leading trio well-known and well-liked by every schoolboy.

The story—does it matter?—is about a ranch foreman who drives his cattle through a dangerous pass and lures the rustlers from their mountain hide-out. There is gunplay, dynamite and hard-riding, and a blessed independence of background music. You have to go to the westerns these days to find action pounding out its own emotional score.

The Last Adventurers

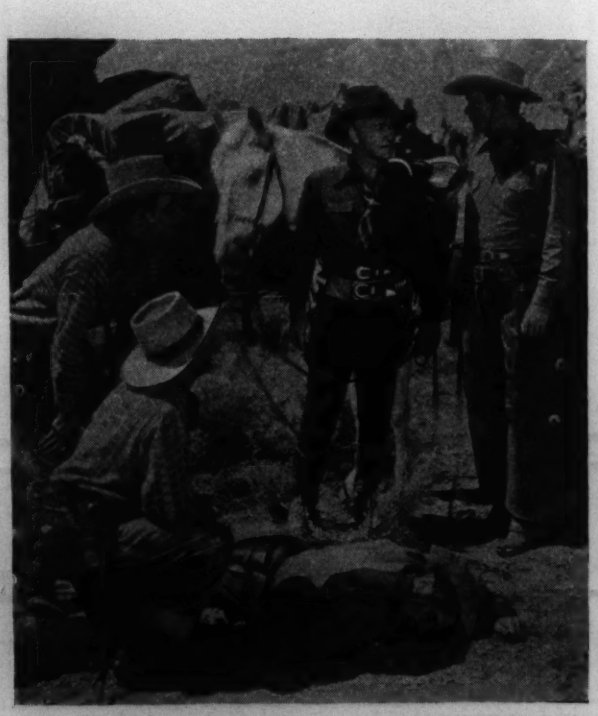
Roy Kellino, the young British director of this trawling story, learnt his job in the studios as an operative and then as a first cameraman. His little picture—it runs about an hour and ten minutes—is rich in evidences of this training. His sea-stuff is grand. He knows how to compose a scene and adorn it; he has a sense both for bold mass and lyric fancy. *The Last Adventurers*, when it keeps well off Grimsby, is real film-stuff, finely handled. On shore it is tentative, over-refined and conventional. Niall MacGinnis, fisherman of *The Turn of the Tide* and *The Edge of the World*, is the perennially sea-going star.

Navy Blue and Gold

Navy Blue and Gold I recommend for one performance alone—James Stewart's. I take no responsibility for advocating the picture. It is a sentimental, ill-mannered and tiresomely patriotic piece, dealing with American football, and the other social graces acquired at Annapolis, America's Naval Training College, by the young persons who hope, in time, to become officers and gentlemen.

The heroes are three "buddies", one a nice little rich boy from a society home (Tom Brown), one a light-hearted slacker (Robert Young) and the third just a long gawky fireman from the regular Navy. (This is the Stewart part.)

Mr. Stewart is a thoroughly homely young man. He is too tall. His lower lip is too thick. His voice is slow and drawling. He has absolutely no glamour. I doubt if any producer in the world, even Mr. Goldwyn, could make an Adonis out of him. But as an actor he's good. Given a really sound part, he could be very good. Meanwhile he makes *Navy Blue and Gold* well worth trying, even for those who find the argot and traditions of Annapolis more foreign than Greek on the screen.



"Plain, Slap-up Action"

APRIL RELEASES

The Awful Truth (Columbia) * *
DIRECTOR: Leo McCarey
STARRING: Cary Grant
Irene Dunne

Marie Walewska (M.G.M.) * *
DIRECTOR: Clarence Brown
STARRING: Greta Garbo
Charles Boyer

Navy Blue and Gold (M.G.M.)
DIRECTOR: Sam Wood
STARRING: Robert Young
James Stewart
Lionel Barrymore

Rosalie (M.G.M.)
DIRECTOR: Van Dyke
STARRING: Nelson Eddy
Eleanor Powell

That Certain Woman (Warner Bros.)
DIRECTOR: Edmund Goulding
STARRING: Bette Davis
Henry Fonda

Last Adventurers (Sound City)
DIRECTOR: Roy Kellino
STARRING: Niall McGinnis
Linden Travers

Dead-End (United Artists) * *
DIRECTOR: William Wyler
STARRING: Sylvia Sidney
Joel McCrea
Humphrey Bogart
Claire Trevor

Stand-in (United Artists) * *
DIRECTOR: Tay Garnett
STARRING: Leslie Howard
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
Alan Mowbray

Flight from Glory (R.K.O. Radio)
DIRECTOR: Lew Landers
STARRING: Chester Morris
Whitney Bourne

Angel (Paramount) *
DIRECTOR: Ernest Lubitsch
STARRING: Marlene Dietrich
Herbert Marshall
Melvyn Douglas

Hopalong Rides Again (Paramount)
DIRECTOR: Leo Selander
STARRING: William Boyd
George Hayes

Second Honeymoon (20th Century Fox)
DIRECTOR: Walter Lang
STARRING: Loretta Young
Tyrone Power

Boss of Lonely Valley (Universal)
DIRECTOR: Ray Taylor
STARRING: Buck Jones

Smash and Grab (Universal)
DIRECTOR Tim Whelan
STARRING Jack Buchanan
Elsie Randolph

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Edited by

H. E. BLYTH

W.F.N. Selection

Scarface	* * *
Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs	* * *
Of Human Hearts	*
Vessel of Wrath	*
In Old Chicago	*

Other films covered in this issue

The Goldwyn Follies

I'll Take Romance

You're a Sweetheart

The Rat

Second Honeymoon

Extase

La Mort du Cygne

Young Pushkin

Snow-White and the Seven Dwarfs

(Walt Disney—R.K.O. Radio)

A friend once described Walt Disney as "a small town man who has read very little, seen very little, heard very little". This is important, for a knowledge of an artist's background leads to a better understanding of his work. Disney is a poet—a poet of simple things. Because of his background he is concerned with fantasy and not with reality, and so he works in a little world of make-believe that is all his own. Satire, though he has attempted it, is foreign to his nature, and nearly always has he kept free from the commercial influences that surround him.

Snow-White is a milestone in his career, and not only because of its length. Until it was made, death had never been mentioned in Disney's work, and since his little fairy world of fun and fantasy ignored all reality, cruelty and unkindness were unknown. He has toyed with the macabre before, but playfully and never with any real malevolence, and always has he avoided human figures and human emotions. *Snow-White* therefore is unique in many ways; here, for the first time, Disney has relegated his animals to the background, and here, for the first time, the shadow of human pain and suffering has fallen across his happy little people.

The small town poet has taken the fairy story written by the Brothers Grimm and has adapted it to his especial talents. He has modified the plot a little, has added songs, and given to both the animals of the forest and the seven dwarfs distinctive characteristics. Herein lies one of the secrets of Disney's skill; he always gives individuality to a group, whether it be a group of rabbits, birds or rats, so that one member of the crowd, by his distinctive antics, shall give us a personal interest in the whole. He has approached the story in the tradition of the Silly Symphonies rather than of the Mickey Mouse Cartoons, and in this he is surely right; we may glory in the riotous adventures of Donald and Mickey, for in them Disney can give full rein to his gloriously ingenious sense of comedy, but it is the Silly Symphonies, with their sweet and gentle fantasy, which have shown the poet to be a great artist as well as a great comedian. Thus the seven little dwarfs for all their engaging tricks and mannerisms, are the least acceptable characters in *Snow-White*, for they are not really of the pattern. Here, for a moment, the small town atmosphere creeps through, for Doc, Grumpy and Bashful are but a step removed from the stock figures of a middle-west community. Dopey, perhaps, is different, though even in him there is too much to remind us of the Hollywood small-town child.

Snow-White herself, the wicked queen and the fairy prince are a little colourless in character, and the animation is not quite right; but these are minor points, and, since perfection will come with experiment, they are faults which are not insidious. The queen, as a witch, is far better, showing the greater strength of the poet as he gets further away from reality.

It is the animals and birds of the forest who are wholly and entrancingly enchanting, and it is they who make of *Snow-White* an exquisite fantasy as well as an engaging tale. It is an integral part of Disney's genius that he seems to understand so perfectly the infant mind in animals; he can impart to their forms a soft, sweet roundness, to their movements a wonderful gentleness and to their whole outlook the unspoilt friendlines of Nature. His little creatures may behave as they never do in actual fact, but Disney does not draw caricatures; his little rabbits do only what little rabbits would do, if they could.

Much has been made of the Censors' refusal to grant this film a universal certificate. Almost unanimously their action has been condemned. This is extraordinary, for it seems incredible that so many intelligent critics should have so far forgotten their own childhood. The horrible vultures, brooding with sinister purpose over the witch; the old hag of a witch herself, with her foul concoctions, rendered so much more horrible by the skilful use of sound and colour; the skeleton in the case; the deep, sepulchral voice and hideous face of the spirit in the magic mirror—all these are horrors which a sensitive child would not easily forget. Yet it is hard to condemn them. In their way they are as good as anything in the film, for in them Disney has caught the true spirit of the macabre, and the macabre is almost a lost art on the screen now that the golden age of the German cinema is dead. For the first time Disney has shown us a glimpse of what he could do if he really wanted to frighten us.

The most important thing about *Snow-White* is the prospect it holds out for the future; good as it is, Disney's second full-length film should be infinitely better. That is why it is no exaggeration to hail it as a landmark in film history like *The Birth of a Nation* or the coming of sound. The possibilities of the future now seem boundless, and it is good to know that Disney is but a young man, still only on the threshold of his career. For a time, a year or so ago, it seemed as if he might not fulfil his early promise; inspiration was momentarily lacking, and signs of crudeness began to creep in. His older pictures, such as *Flowers And Trees*, *Lullaby Land*, and *Water Babies*, remained his best, until just recently when *The Old Mill*, and now *Snow-White*, have come to restore our confidence in his future.

We may envy those who have yet to see *Snow-White* for the great adventure that is in store for them, and yet still know that for ourselves the second, third and fourth visit will be as entrancing as the first.

—H. E. Blyth, *World Film News*.

Of Human Hearts

(Clarence Brown—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi, James Stewart.

In many ways this is an outstanding picture. Clarence Brown, who directed *Ah Wilderness*, has again grouped the characters, mean and admirable and half-and-half, of a small town, and drama comes from their bickerings and their loyalties, their littleness and their nobility. The new minister—a grand portrait by Walter Huston—with his wife (Beulah Bondi) and his son (Gene Reynolds, a new and good boy actor) come to town and meet their flock, the hymn-singing and dishonest

storekeeper, the doctor who likes his bottle, the fussy sisters, the deaf elder who leads the congregations in the wrong key. Huston's sincerity is terrific. Physically and morally he looms a giant over the lesser creatures. He throws the ribald out of his chapel, tames a wild horse, chastises his rebellious son. The first half of the drama is the conflict between father and son, with the mother, understanding and loving both, trying to bring about reconciliation. The second, with not so sure a hand, enlarges on the "benefits forgot" theme, showing the son's severing of home ties and his ambitious drive to success as a surgeon in the Civil War. And, beginning with Lincoln's lecture, one feels that the sentiment is laid on too thickly for anything but a "Mother's Day" poem. For that reason, I think, *Of Human Hearts* misses greatness, but is a real and moving picture.

—Ian Coster, *The Evening Standard*

There is so much that is excellent in *Of Human Hearts* it is a pity Clarence Brown has allowed it to nose-dive into not only sloppy, but incredible sentiment two-thirds of the way through, and has not had the courage to cut considerable footage for the quickened and sustained interest. The story is of a preacher who goes to an Ohio pioneering village with his young son and wife, gives all he has, but becomes the victim of meanness on the part of his small congregation, and fails to understand the spirited antagonism of his son towards the pettinesses of his environment. An outstanding quality in the story and its treatment is the very fine characterisation of father, mother, son, and one or two of the leading men in the small community. In this respect, Walter Huston draws a sincere picture of the preacher, a man who suffers innumerable affronts through his unshakable humility. One can believe in and understand the preacher the whole time.

—Richard Haestier, *The Star*

Critical Summary.

It is perhaps too much to hope that Clarence Brown will one day give us another "Ah, Wilderness", that little masterpiece of small town life which came as such an unexpected offering from Garbo's most illustrious director. "Of Human Hearts" has the same unmistakable touches of observation and attention to detail which mark the director with an understanding of life, as well as of the cinema, but it deals with more urgent matters than those with which Eugene O'Neill was concerned in his little comedy of recollection. "Ah, Wilderness" has recently been revived, and there are few pictures which are more worthy of a second visit.

Vessel of Wrath

(Erich Pommer—Mayflower Pictures.)
Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Robert Newton, Tyrone Guthrie.

Beside Charles Laughton, nine-tenths of the vaunted movie stars are not actors at all. Emil Jannings is, of course, a powerful exponent of character parts; but compare his recent performance as the debauched, resourceful reprobate in *Der Zerbrochene Krug* with Laughton's similar part in *Vessel of Wrath*. Where Jannings was heavy, crude, repetitive, exaggerated, and ultimately boring, Laughton is—beneath the hangover and the rolls of fat—subtle, light-witted, various. The drunken remittance-man of the Malay Archipelago was an ideal choice for his talents; his comic force is irresistible, he exudes character from every pore. Through the bloated and unappetising crust, intelligence and humour constantly glint; his pouchy lips quiver with disdain for the virtuous; his jaunty, disreputable gait gives us Ginger Ted to the life. The film follows Somerset Maugham's story fairly closely, and only comes to grief (as any sensible man could have foreseen) when it wanders off on its own. It slips along easily under Erich Pommer's neat direction; but every now and then we get a touch of that wilful extravagance which mars so many English films; immediately the Malay Archipelago vanishes, and in its place we see a group of English actors and actresses playing "Let's pretend" at Elstree.

—Peter Galway, *The New Statesmen and Nation*

"Exudes character from every pore . . ."

The Cockney expedience of King of the River,
Skill of King Henry, the prodigal liver,
Flavour of Ruggles—the bank clerk, a touch of him,
Little of Rembrandt, but not very much of him.
Bligh of the Bounty—Nero of Rome,
Old Father Barrett who cherished his home.
Take of these elements all that is fusible.
Melt them all down in a pipkin or crucible,
Set them to simmer and take off the scum,
And Beachcomber Ted is the residuum.

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*

Critical Summary.

"Vessel of Wrath" has been skilfully adapted for the screen: that is to say that the short story by Somerset Maugham has been cleverly altered and expanded, its sting removed and broad humour added. For all this no one is to blame. The original story would not have been marketable on the screen, for Maugham's sharp tang of cynicism would not have appealed to the popular palate. As it is, the plot has been left with few subtleties but has become amusingly entertaining, and Charles Laughton, casting restraint to the winds, has made out of Ginger Ted a truly monumental drunk. The finish of the film has also an intriguing twist, but it is not the finish of the original story, with its memorable last line.

I'll Take Romance

(Edward Griffith—Columbia.)
Grace Moore, Melvyn Douglas, Helen Westley, Stuart Erwin.

In *I'll Take Romance* Miss Moore's voice is compelled to go it pretty much alone. This, of course, is no hardship for an audience, which finds its presence rewarded by her lilting singing of the gavotte from "Manon," the drinking song from "La Traviata," the duet from "Madame Butterfly," the pleasant title song by Oscar Hammerstein II and Ben Oakland. But in her own interests, she could have used a story, too. There may have been a thread of a plot in the Stephen Morehouse Avery yarn on which the script was based, but it is a thread stretched far beyond its tensile strength. When it snaps, which it does after the third reel or so, you can hear the report way up in the second balcony. After that, it is merely Miss Moore singing and Edward H. Griffith doing directorial nip-ups to keep the audience from suspecting that the story has gone with the wind. The fabric is light, bordered with whimsy, laced with some rather dull dialogue. Columbia deserves congratulations upon only one point: Miss Moore has not lost her voice.

—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times*

A young Buenos Aires merchant assigns himself the task of forcing a diva to fulfil her contract. Arriving in New York, he finds her unapproachable. So he plies her with expensive gifts, assumes disguises and she, finally intrigued, allows herself to be kidnapped. Miss Moore sings with her customary poise and walks through her part with a certain dental, kittenish charm. Helen Westley and Margaret Hamilton are around playing helpmeets to the singer and playing them well. The story is placid, frequently dull; the cues indicating Miss Moore is to sing again are usually welcome.

—*Stage*

Scarface

(Howard Hawks—United Artists.)
Paul Muni, George Raft, Boris Karloff, Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley.

It is good to see these old classics of the cinema revived. In the early thirties the new talking pictures may have been crude and raucous, with little understanding of the subtler uses for sound, but even when dialogue was at its wordiest, as in *The Front Page*, the effect could still be dynamic. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote *Scarface* and *The Front Page*—both of which are now being revived—and since these two were newspapermen together in Chicago, the authenticity of their material need not be doubted. *Scarface* was one of the first, and is still one of the best, of the gangster pictures, while *The Front Page* is, and always will be, the most memorable newspaper story ever filmed. Together they will provide historians of the future with a remarkable study of the times, for both are basically documentary, as indeed are so many of Hollywood's pictures of contemporary American life. Here, preserved for posterity in celluloid, is the spirit of criminal force and of corruption; and of a soulless, callous, heartless, sensation-seeking yellow press.

With memories of Paul Muni as Pasteur and Zola still fresh in the mind, it is a strange experience to find him here as "Scarface" Toni Camonte, the gangster whose vaunting ambition will stop at nothing, and whose inspiration is the Cook's sign which flashes out "The World Is Yours" in bright white lights outside his window. Vulgar, coarse and vain, he lives by the gun alone and his motto in killing is simple: "Do it first, do it yourself, and keep on doing it." A braggart and a bully in success; a cringing yellow rat in defeat. —H. E. Blyth, *World Film News*

Critical Summary.

On pages 8, 9, 11 *we have attempted to show the true background to the gangster film, and to tell the real story of "Scarface". Those who are interested, and who are tempted to see the film again with this added knowledge, will find many interesting parallels between the fictional story of "Scarface" Toni Camonte and the real life story of "Scarface" Al Capone. In Big Louis Costillo they will discern the shadow of Big Jim Colosimo, Chicago's first gang lord; in Johnny Lovo they will find more than a hint of John Torrio, Colosimo's successor, although in the film "Scarface" kills Johnny, while Capone never murdered Torrio—he didn't have to, for Torrio quit. O'Hara, the florist whom George Raft bumps off, is, of course, O'Banion, and Boris Karloff, as head of the North Side gang, is a combination of "Bugs" Moran and Hymie Weiss. The St. Valentine's Day massacre is referred to, and the attack on the Hawthorne Hotel is more or less reconstructed, although the film probably does not do that famous assault justice. Capone, of course, did not have a sister, as in the film, but he had a brother, who was killed quite early on in the gang war. The "Scarface" of reality did not die in the manner of the film, but that he would have behaved as Muni did, slobbering and cringing with fear when faced with the guns by which he had lived, is a reasonable assumption, for this is how Capone is now behaving in his prison cell in Alcatraz.*

You're a Sweetheart

(David Butler—Universal.)
Alice Faye, George Murphy.

Keeping my fingers crossed, I think we have found a new dancing team in pictures. George Murphy and Alice Faye are so brilliant in *You're a Sweetheart* that I venture to forecast they may one day rival Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Please let me explain before you begin to throw things. *You're a Sweetheart* is not a *Top Hat*, but neither was *Flying Down to Rio*, and this new picture is a likeable entertainment with lots of cleverness in its making and two most spectacular dances. George Murphy has not—yet—the personality of Fred Astaire, but when it comes to dancing he has and does deliver the goods. The plot is unimportant, but it has the merit of adding novelty to the overworked situation of a stage show threatened with closure because no one has paid for the scenery.

—Seton Margrave, *The Daily Mail*

This is elegantly staged, glitters like a new pin and gives Miss Faye every opportunity to look lovely, croon engagingly, and dance gracefully with Mr. Murphy, himself a remarkably good dancer with much of the Astaire wit and invention in his nimble footwork. The picture is of that elastic nature which permits the introduction of individual "turns" and an amusing musical trial-scene. Thus, with spectacular dance ensembles on the stage and a hard-working company to fill in the gaps, *You're a Sweetheart* is, on the whole, a lively improvisation on the backstage theme.

—Michael Orme, *The Sketch*

"Without which no film appears complete . . ."

In Old Chicago

(Henry King—20th Century-Fox.)
Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Alice Brady, Andy Devine.

A bold and colourful page from the life of a great city. Those early days of Chicago present as bawdy and lusty material for a screen spectacle as Hollywood has attempted to commandeer in a long time. And *In Old Chicago* is a noteworthy presentation of it. Not only has the miraculously entertaining Americana been collected with vigour and astuteness, but the weaving of it into a story of the O'Leary family and their fabulous cow has been accomplished with a fine sense of excitement and dramatic crescendo. The O'Learys, a mother and three boys, ride into Chicago in a covered wagon, and its story and theirs build handsomely to the mighty catastrophe. It is a concise, compact human drama of woolly days until a cow knocks over a lantern, then it is a spectacle of unbelievable terror. The fire is first a tiny lick of flame, then a burning barn, then a house, then a whole block, and then on and on until before our eyes is the horrifying scene of a great city in flames. It is a brilliant climax. The principal players are not much more intensified as characters than the hundreds of extras who make this picture of a city a living thing.

—*Stage*

In addition to the story there are some sentimental episodes, a few songs very agreeably sung by Miss Alice Faye, and several of those scenes of fisticuffs between lovers without which no film appears at present to be complete. But in spite of all this varied entertainment, accompanied by lavish reconstructions of architecture and costume, much of the story appears to be marking time before the grand pyrotechnic display which the audience is at every moment expecting. It would be pleasant to be able to yawn during this preposterous shindy, to be genuinely bored by this triumph of organisation and waste. But unhappily it is not possible; the noises alone are overwhelming, the accumulation of disastrous detail is really horrifying, and these infernal landscapes, photographed from every angle and even from high up in the air, form the most extraordinary compositions. The real fire can hardly have been more spectacular, and it is certainly one of the achievements of the cinema that millions should now be able to share the emotions of Nero.

—*The Times*

Troy was a bonfire, Rome a false alarm, compared with Mr. Darryl Zanuck's *In Old Chicago*. By some productional miracle, the film achieves the lusty, amoral quality of the original city, the city of prodigious growing pains, the infant Gargantua of the prairies, in spite of the Hays office—which is probably Art. Vulgar, ostentatious, squalid, exuberant, bawdy and delightful (to contemplate, at least). Mr. Zanuck's Chicago makes Carl Sandburg's metropolis of bohunks seem as literary and anæmic as the Hamptons.

—B.R.C., *The New York Times*

The Rat

(Jack Raymond—Imperator Film Productions.)
Anton Walbrook, Ruth Chatterton, Rene Ray, Hugh Miller.

Here's the slimiest creature that ever knifed a man in the kidneys while he was sipping a drugged absinthe in one of those fake "dives" they rig up for innocent visitors in Paris. Does he expiate his crimes in the end? No, sir, the guillotine is just a blunt razor blade as far as he's concerned. Anton Walbrook plays the title role, and he plays it so like his Prince Consort in *Victoria the Great*, I felt I ought to stand up and take off my hat every time he appeared on the screen. Seeing that no film star ever gives a bad performance, this dull bit of work must be put down to miscasting. So Herbert Wilcox gets the rap.

—Harris Deans, *The Sunday Graphic*

Ruth Chatterton, in *The Rat*, achieves at the very end some heights of nobility as a fashionable woman who loves an *apache*. Forced to seem tarnished, with a weakness for the types about the Place Pigalle, the fashionable lady is always majestic. The picture is something very British, though dealing with that fast, wicked capital of France, and no one is more British in it than Miss Chatterton, who was born in New York City.

—John Mosher, *The New Yorker*

Second Honeymoon

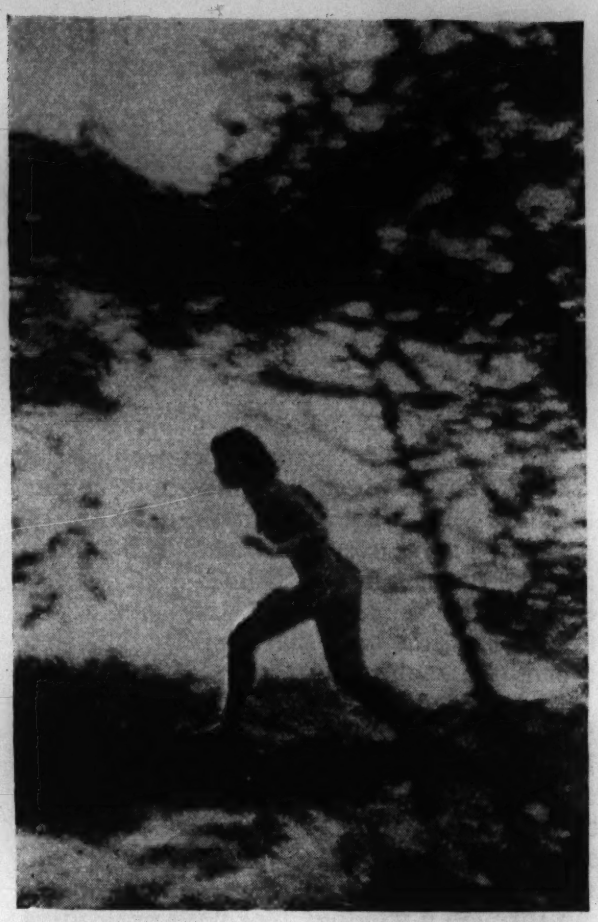
(Walter Lang—20th Century-Fox.)
Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Marjorie Weaver.

There is a moment in this film which leaves the keen student of Hollywood's astonishing code of ethics in an ecstasy of appreciation. A husband is divorced and his wife has married another man. It is made obvious that the ex-husband and ex-wife are still in love, but that does not stop them from seeing each other as much as they can. The perfectly decent husband is made a figure of fun, and then—and this is the moment—the ex-husband and wife, after a lingering embrace, become sternly moral and self-sacrificing, and they solemnly remind each other that they have never before done anything which was not straightforward and above-board.

—*The Times*

This is one of the simple little things that they toss off in Hollywood while the million-dollar products are gestating. It is concerned, but oh, so lightly, with the essential rightness of first love, Miss Young and Mr. Power, after two years of married life in Switzerland, Naples, and that sweet little cottage at Juan les Pins, divorce, and fall in love again in, I think, Miami. The film is what kind, and of course, well-educated, people will call a-moral. Miss Young is luscious and sweet. Mr. Power, quite a man now, smokes a pipe, and squares up his slim shoulders under a leather wind-jacket. A final caption tells us that we have been watching, in a small part, a new beauty contest winner, Miss Marjorie Weaver. Quite a pretty girl, Miss Weaver. So what?

—C. A. Lejeune, *The Sunday Observer*



"Never Crude" (*Extase*)

Extase

(Gustav Machaty—Czechoslovakian)
Hedy Lamarr, Aribert Mog, Zvonimir Rogoz.

So much has been written about *Extase* and the Censor that there is some danger of its being ignored by the fastidious as just another smutty picture. That would be a pity. If not exactly a masterpiece, *Extase* is, eroticism apart, an uncommonly interesting bit of work, worth seeing for its lovely camera-work, the beauty of Hedy Lamarr and the fine acting of the actors, hitherto unknown to me, who play her husband and lover.

—George Campbell, *The Bystander*

Critical Summary.

This picture comes as an apt reminder to us all of the necessity of occasionally seeing films which have not that highly commercialised gloss which is now a commonplace of our screen entertainment. Hedy Lamarr's performance is not polished, but it is yet fresh and real and often lovely, and is one which could not possibly have come out of the sophisticated atmosphere of a Californian studio; indeed, had the theme been attempted in Hollywood, it would almost certainly have become an obscene and horrible thing. As it stands, it is merely a portrayal of passion in the spring of life, sometimes primitive, quite often monotonous, but never crude. Basically it is no more than the story which John Galsworthy told throughout several volumes—the story of Soames Forsyte and Irene.

La Mort du Cygne

(Jean Benoit-Lévy—French.)
Yvette Chauvire, Mia Slavenska, Janine Charrat.

La Mort Du Cygne is in the tradition of *Pépé Le Moko* and *Carnet de Bal;* not as dramatic as the one, nor as rich in humour and many-sided humanity as the other, but comparable for honesty of treatment, the magnificent integrity of the acting, and the skill of Jean Benoit-Lévy's direction. A story of sentiment is told without a trace of sentimentality. Not one player is guilty of those comic gags that have gained certain English (and American) comedians a terrific reputation, and ruined every film they've played in. No one in French films raises artificial eyebrows, or lifts one side of the moustaches a couple of inches with a comic bellow, or earns roars of laughter with an audible symptom of indigestion followed by a muttered witticism such as "Curse those radishes!" The French are ingenuous enough to believe that people on the screen should behave like the people we know. *La Mort Du Cygne* is a tale of the ballet at the Paris Opera. Without haste and without surplus footage, the director introduces a whole gallery of characters all etched in economically with a master hand. See *La Mort Du Cygne* for yourself, and enjoy a film notable for subtle characterisation, flawless acting, and an extremely impressive performance by little Janine Charrat. To call Janine lovable would be like addressing a small tiger as "darling woffles"; but there is no doubt of her talent both as an actress and dancer.

—George Campbell, *The Bystander*

Young Pushkin

(Arcady Naroditsky—Russian)
V. Litovsky, L. Paramof, V. Ivasheva, A. Ngebrof.

I have at last found an exception to the rule—for rule it still is—that artists are impossible heroes for fiction. The reason I advanced in the cases of *Rembrandt* and *Zola* is that the characteristic activity of an artist is invisible; or at any rate that it is not the hand alone which paints a picture, and that there is no known way of acting like a poet. The exception is *Young Pushkin*; by which might be meant either that this film succeeds where all others have failed or that it has not tried the impossible. I prefer the latter meaning, if only because it leaves the rule unviolated after all; the rule is an excellent thing to hold on to. V. Litovsky, who plays the boy Pushkin in this completely delightful narrative, does not act like a poet. He acts like a boy. It is his good fortune to be himself a very bewitching youth; but what is more to the point, he knows how to become Pushkin in his teens—for that it is the boy Pushkin before us, we never are tempted to doubt. Pushkin's desire is not to be a real poet; it is to be a good one, and we are convinced that he is just that. We are prepared, then, for the great scene of his reading in competition before the toothless Derzhavin, surviving laureate of the eighteenth century, who has been waiting to die until a new poet should arise in Russia. But this in turn is a reminder to say that the film abounds in superbly played old men as well as in perfectly directed adolescents. It is triumph of taste and wisdom.

—Mark Van Doren, *The Nation*

Stop Waggling your Ears at Mr. Taurog, Willie!

It appears that director Norman Taurog had no little difficulty in finding a lad with the right specification for the role of Tom Sawyer in the Selznick opus, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

Altogether 25,000 youths between the ages of ten and fourteen were interviewed; of these 40 per cent were eliminated as either too large or too small. Fifty per cent more failed on general appearance.

"At this stage," the studio publicity sheet tells us, "the survivors underwent close inspection on physical details alone. Ten major defects took a toll of 47% of those left. They were:

"Misshapen or extremely badly-spaced teeth, the largest single physical defect: 10% of the survivors lost out here.

"A short upper lip, which gave the child an unattractive smile, or otherwise marred facial expressions: this eliminated 3%.

"Eyes too close together, detracting from otherwise clean-cut appearance: 6% failed in that regard. Swarthy skin, lending a foreign touch: 1%. Hair-line too low to make finely-balanced face: 2%. Poor posture, flat chests, drooping shoulders: 5%. Defects in speech, such as stammering: 5%. Ears too large; not just big ears, but the kind which remind one instantly of sails: 4%. Oddly-shaped noses; too pug, crooked, etc.: 3%. Weak-appearing chins: 3%."

We can imagine many a disgruntled lad, who had failed on each of the above counts, taking a good gander at himself in the mirror, running a hand over his swarthy skin, checking up on his low hair-line and pinning back his protruding ears, and then asking himself how the heck that Mr. C*a*k G*b*e ever got past the examiners.

Interviewed in the De Luxe Pin-Table Saloon in Wardour-street, Snooks Grieser, *WFN*'s repulsive lift-boy, thrust a counterfeit coin into the machine and said: "Tell the boys not to be discouraged. My eyes are set close together, too, with the result that I can see as much through a keyhole as most people can through a window. Nor need protruding ears be a social handicap. In my cycling club they call me "Spinnaker" and I am a big help in all but head winds or sudden squalls."

And there we left him, whistling tunelessly through his badly-spaced teeth.

•

SAYINGS

"I always try not to be vulgar. But as soon as I try not to be, you all tell me off. What am I to do?"—*Gracie Fields.*

"These theatrical leaders of Fascism appeal to people as film stars."—*Mr. Attlee.*

Story Conference

HAT CHAT

Yes, we know the world is scrapping
Like a backyard full of cats,
And all Europe's dogs are yapping
Round John Bull's exquisite spats;
Yes, we know that our position's
Rather like a cornered rat's—
Still we love our politicians
For they wear *such* comic hats.

Comic hats in Westminster,
Isn't it a lark?
Comic hats for Downing Street
And strolling in Hyde Park.
What are Hit. and Musso at?—
Why, a fig for them—
Look at Neville's latest hat,
Isn't it a gem!

A member of our Consulate
Has just received a slap,
Administered, the papers state,
By some impulsive Jap.
At home we're building bombing planes
(And also bomb-proof flats)
While Britain's rulers ease our strains
By wearing comic hats.

Comic hats for doling out
Gifts to other nations,
Comic hats for strolling out
On their obligations.
Comic hats at question-time—
(Tony's was a dream!)
Comic hats in Westminster—
Isn't it a scream!
But there can't be any danger
Of aggression from a stranger
When our playful little statesmen
Wear their comic little hats.

PETS' CORNER

"Mother Finds Ferret in Baby's Cot."
—*Newspaper Headline.*

The ferret was later identified as a Mr. Jas. Ginsberg, talent-scout for *Punk Pictures Inc.*

"I was only trying to sign de bebby up on a long-toim contract," he sobbed on our correspondent's shoulder. "Dat Mr. Arliss can't go on for ever."

Our correspondent was later admitted to hospital suffering from bites in the neck.

"GOODNESS, MR. DISNEY! I ALWAYS THOUGHT MY GIRL-FRIENDS WERE SNOW WHITE TILL I SAW THEM UP AGAINST YOURS."

LORUM

en dney Hobson

Get Yourself Guessing, Boys

In Boston, U.S.A., there is a beauty parlour where not only do women have packs of fresh peaches and strawberries all the year round but the boredom of hair-drying is alleviated by a cinematograph show. —*News Item.*

All we want now is a cinematograph show where the boredom of movie-going is alleviated by a little beauty treatment. You've *no* idea how coarse and greasy our complexion is, and just to lie back and have three inches of wet mud plastered over our faces during a Shirley Temple picture would be just too heavenly, wouldn't it, dears? Or maybe we could have it plastered over the Shirley Temple picture.

This problem of how to alleviate the monotony of the long hours we are forced to spend, through infectious diseases at home, in the cinema, is one that has been receiving serious thought from this department. Only yesterday, lounging in our fauteuil and idly peeling a grape with our soft white hands, we were turning the matter over in our minds, and you know enough about our mind to know how difficult it must be for anything to turn over in it at all.

Well, chicks, we finally hit upon just the thing to while away the leaden hours. It's a simple guessing game and can be played by one and all, dolls and guys alike, and all you have to do is to pull your hat down over your ears and guess what the performers in the picture are saying.

You will be surprised, or perhaps you won't, at the number of times you guess right. For instance, say the scene is a hospital corridor. A group of relatives and other beneficiaries under the will are gathered around the door of the operating-theatre. The door opens and the surgeon appears.

No need to tell you what he's going to say, hey? You can't hear him, but this is how it goes . . . "She's unconscious, folks, but we're doing all we can." And the fact that the director of the picture said exactly the same thing a few moments before doesn't matter—you've guessed aright.

Take another case. The simple little country girl, alone in the Big City, is seated on a divan in the penthouse of Dwight Durante, millionaire mortician and member of New York's upper crust. She is quietly thumbing through his album of holiday snaps, pausing now and then to take a pull at a bowl of Veuve Clicquot which he has placed at one of her maddeningly attractive elbows, when Dwight drops a diamond necklace into her shapely lap. She looks up in surprise, as if she thought it was a bit dropped off the chandelier, and turns to Dwight, who is being helped into something more comfortable by a Japanese valet, played by John Barrymore.

The girl claps the sparklers to her heart (she's only been in New York a week) and speaks . . .

This is where you stuff some more cotton wool in your ears and guess. This one's easy, too. You know she's going to say: "Ooh, but they're bewtiful! Are they . . . for me?" That's another one you've got right.

With a little practice you will guess right every time. The scene in the Technicolor oasis will present no difficulties ("Afraid of . . . me?" "No, of . . . myself."). Nor will the tense moment back-stage ("The show's gotta go on . . . get right out there and give 'em all you've got.") When you have achieved proficiency in this you will be ready to go on to the next game, which is to guess what the actors are *thinking* when they speak these lines.

This is not so easy. For instance, we have heard from a child prodigy that when she was lisping the lines, "Be kind to my Mummy, big mans," she was really thinking, "This is one hell of a good day to choose for breaking-in a new binder." It just shows, doesn't it?

THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR?

"My dear, *have* you seen her in her latest gas-mask? She looks an absolute *fright*!"

"SO YOU CAN'T EAT BOMBS, EH? THE FELLOW WHO SAID THAT NEVER TRIED MY WIFE'S COOKING!"

PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS DEPARTMENT

When Rickmansworth people gathered in hundreds outside the district council offices and saw on the notice board that they had won their fight for Sunday cinemas, they shouted, danced in the streets, and threw their hats in the air.

So you see that, even under our veneer of civilisation, the age-old primitive instincts still smoulder. Even in Rickmansworth.

I well remember the scenes in my own little village of Much Dribbling when the first cinematograph show was held in a corner of the Squire's study. Whole oxen were roasted in the streets, whole families were stewed in the taverns and two gentlemen farmers were seen drinking nourishing stout out of a milk-maid's Wellington boot. A Mrs. Windlestraw was arrested for letting down her back hair in a built-up area.

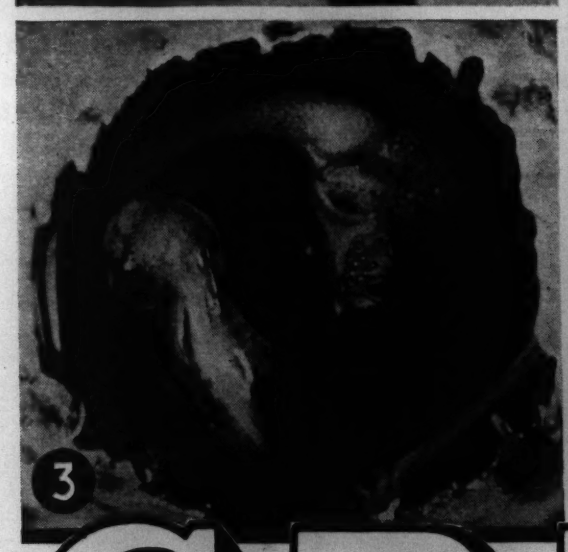
And I don't think many of my fellow-parishioners will forget the scathing indictment uttered next morning by our vicar, from the pulpit of the old parish church of St. Andrew's-and-All-Liver.

Ah, that takes me back a bit, as the financier said, when his favourite Black Maria came for him.

FOREIGN NEWS

Herr Hitler
Reminds me of a licensed vitler.

"Personally, Doris, I'd rather have stayed an usherette."



1 *Botany*
Roots
Life Cycle
How Plants Feed
Self Defence
Cabbage
Thistle
Seed Dispersal
Pollination

2 *Zoology*
Amœba
Paranecium
Hydra
Obelia
Coelenterata
Earthworm
Annelida
Tortoiseshell Butterfly
Blowfly
Heredity in Animals
Heredity in Man

3 *Embryology*
Sea Urchin
Frog
Development of Chick

4 *Ecology*
Marine Sand Animals
Animals of Rocky Shore
Interdependence of Pond Life
Moorlands
Woodlands
Downlands

5 *Elementary Biology*
Echinus
Tadpole

6 *Hygiene*
Breathing
Blood
Circulation

GBI films

The new interpretation of the

NATURAL SCIENCES

Apply to Film House, Wardour Street, W.1. Gerrard 9292

'NO GEN'L'MEN'

says Mae West of her Radio Sponsors who crumpled up in face of the nation-wide protest which followed her Radio sketch "ADAM and EVE."

By Glen Norris

SNAKE: *That's the forbidden tree.*
EVE (MAE WEST): *Oh, don't be technical. Answer me this—my palpitatin' python—would you like to have this whole paradise to yourself?*
SNAKE: *Certainly.*
EVE: *O.K., then pick me a handful of fruit—Adam and I'll eat it—and the Garden of Eden is all yours. What d'ya say?*
SNAKE: *Sssssssounds all right . . . but it's forbidden fruit.*
EVE: *Listen, what are you—my friend in the grass, or a snake in the grass?*
SNAKE: *But forbidden fruit!*
EVE: *Are you a snake—or are you a mouse?*
SNAKE: *I'll – I'll do it.* (*Hissing laugh.*)
EVE: *Now you're talking. Here—right in between those pickets.*
SNAKE: *I'm – I'm stuck!*
EVE: *Oh! shake your hips. There, there now, you're through.*
SNAKE: *I shouldn't be doing this.*
EVE: *Yeh! But you're doing it all right now. Get me a big one . . . I feel like doin' a big apple!*
SNAKE: *Here you are, Mrs. Eve.*
EVE: *Mmmm—oh, I see—huh—nice goin', swivel hips.*
SNAKE: *Wait a minute. It won't work. Adam'll never eat that forbidden apple.*
EVE: *Oh, yes he will—when I'm through with it.*
SNAKE: *Nonsense—he won't.*
EVE: *He will if I feed it to him like women are gonna feed men for the rest of time.*
SNAKE: *What's that?*
EVE: *The original applesauce!!*

THAT, and much more like it was heard by millions of American listeners a few weeks ago, when they tuned in to Mae West's comeback in a radio advertising programme after four years of sticking to films. The West burlesque of the Garden of Eden had been produced by one of the largest advertising agents in the U.S. to plug one of America's best known brands of coffee. It was broadcast from a chain of stations of the National Broadcasting Company. If there were any American showmen listening, they would have said that it was just another example of Mae West's art, which in the show business slang is called "umph". There has never been the slightest doubt that "umph" makes money. In 1936, Mae West's earnings were reported by the U.S. Treasury as £64,600. Since she burst on a somewhat startled world in *I'm No Angel*, her "umph" has caused just enough trouble to make profit building headlines. But this time the boot was on the other foot: for after the Mae West *Adam and Eve* came the most terrific kick-back from listeners in the history of American radio.

Within a few minutes of the end of the broadcast, phone bells began ringing angrily in the offices of the makers of the coffee, the producers of the programme, the N.B.C. For days, furious messages continued to pour in. Far from boosting coffee sales, many old customers of the particular brand threatened to change to another. *Time* reported the rumpus as follows: "The National Legion of Decency threatened to transfer its attention from films to radio, start a clean-up. 'Bad taste', mourned the *Motion Picture Daily*. Such terms as 'profane', 'filthy', 'obscene', 'vomitous', burst from such varied commentators as the *Chicago Tribune* newspaper, the Battle Creek Federation of Women's Clubs, New York's Congressman O'Toole, churches, and plain citizens in their thousands. The Head of Washington's Catholic University's Department of Religion was hopping mad. N.B.C. and advertising officials, thoroughly alarmed, hastened to placate him with an apology, announced publicly that they would *never* do it again."

But within a few hours more, an even sharper sword was being brandished over the heads of all concerned. After it too had received thousands of complaints, the Government Federal Communications Commission was demanding to hear the programme by means of the electrical records that had been made, to see copies of all the contracts involved, to know all the stations which had carried the broadcast. And no one dared deny the F.C.C., for it is the supreme authority of America's ether, with theoretical power to close down any station, by cancelling or refusing to renew its transmission licence.

Hence the virtual dictator of American radio is F.C.C. Chairman Frank McNinch. Within a week or two he posted a letter to the Chairman of the National Broadcasting Company on the subject of the Mae West Broadcast. That letter makes history as the first official government definition of what a broadcaster may or may not do.

EXTRACTS: "The admittedly objectionable character of these features is, in our opinion, attributable to the lack of a proper conception of the high standards required for a broadcast programme intended for reception in the homes, schools, automobiles, religious, social and economic institutions, as well as clubs, hotels, trains and other places, reaching in the aggregate a much larger number of people daily than any other means of communication, and carrying its message to men, women and children of all ages.

"A clear recognition of the social, civil and moral responsibility for the effect upon listeners of all classes and ages, requires such a high standard for programmes as would insure against features that are suggestive, vulgar, immoral, or of such other character as may be offensive to the great mass of right thinking, clean minded American citizens.

"In our present system, and the statute under which the Federal Communications Commission functions, the Commission has no power of censorship, but this power and responsibility rests squarely and unavoidably on the licensee. . . . Licences are granted without any compensation by the licensee to the Government and solely for the purpose of serving the public interest, and hence the broadcaster must accept . . . a definite, inescapable and high public trust in the use of the facilities licensed. . . .

"The Commission has decided to take no further action at this time. . . . However, upon application for renewal of the licences of the stations carrying this broadcast, the Commission will take into consideration this incident, along with all other evidence tending to show whether or not a particular licensee has conducted his station in the public interest."

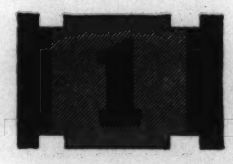
Most American radiomen seem to regard this letter as a serious slap in the face. "Here, in black and white," they are reported as saying in *Time*, "it is laid down that radio is *not* to be given the same freedom as the press." For the press, in order to preserve freedom of expression, freedom of artistic taste, and freedom of information to all minorities, however wrong thinking they may be, is permitted to be vulgar, to be just as offensive as it likes to Mr. McNinch's "right thinking people". But radio, according to Mr. McNinch, may only transmit views and tastes agreeable to *one* group; only his "right thinking people". From now on, radiomen will have to censor themselves, observe a special set of taboos, never take a risk on being anything but too conservative. They have been served as good as official notice, that rivalling the press is no part of their job.

The sting in the tail of Mr. McNinch's letter may yet strike down some station when license renewal time comes round; but meanwhile the last word is with Mae West. In her Hollywood dressing room: of the N.B.C. and the advertisers she said: "They were no gen'l'men—they let a lady down!"

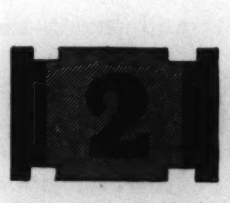
facts like these tip the balance in favour of

CINE-KODAK FILM

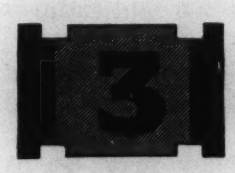
FOR SUB-STANDARD CINEMATOGRAPHY



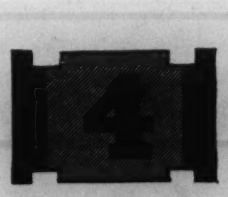
It is scientifically demonstrable that Cine-Kodak reversal development, by which the photographic negative is chemically reversed to a positive, produces greater fineness of grain in the final positive and therefore finer screen quality. All Cine-Kodak Film receives reversal processing.



During the processing of black-and-white Cine-Kodak Film, those deviations from the theoretically correct exposure which are always liable to occur, even in the best regulated shootings, are automatically compensated for by an exclusive Kodak photo-electric device. Quality and evenness of density are maintained by this controlled processing, even in cases of exposure error which would otherwise altogether mar the quality of the result.



The cost of processing (and return postage from the laboratory) is included in the price of Cine-Kodak Film, and a network of Kodak processing stations exists to provide this unique finishing service in practically every country in the world.



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16 MM.

CINE-KODAK PANCHROMATIC FILM.
Standard for outdoor cinematography. Very fine grain, fully colour sensitive. Speed 24°.

CINE-KODAK SUPER SENSITIVE PANCHROMATIC FILM.
Lightning speed. Indispensable for shooting in artificial light and weak daylight. Speed 27°.

"KODACHROME" FILM.
The remarkable colour film without grain. Requires no filters on camera or projector. *Regular* for daylight, *Type A* specially colour balanced for 'Photoflood' light. Speed 22°.

SOUND RECORDING.
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CINE-KODAK EIGHT PANCHROMATIC FILM.
A superfine-grain film, 16 mm. wide, bearing a double row of images, returned as 8 mm. wide after processing. Speed 22°.

"KODACHROME" EIGHT FILM.
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"NOT B——Y LIKELY"

THE filming of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* has begun and Eliza Doolittle will soon be showing us that a Cockney girl can talk like a "lady" in twelve easy lessons. Whatever surprise such an idea might have occasioned when it was first expounded on the stage, to-day it will seem a little old fashioned. All around us to-day we see good Cockneys being taught to speak like "ladies" and "gentlemen". And we don't like it any more: it is no longer funny, it is no longer thought progressive by any but hidebound educational flunkeys who worship not life but form.

We have to thank two modern institutions for awakening us to the sad state of our native tongue—Radio and the Talkies. The American Talkies have brought us bang up against the contrast between the living, colourful, vigorous speech of the States and that which passes among us for "educated" speech in our own country, and which gets to sound more and more like the utterances of a constipated rabbit. The B.B.C. have forced on us, too, some realisation of the menace of the public school whine to good, colloquial, lively and homely speech.

It is striking that our most popular screen, radio and music-hall stars are dialecters, whose supposedly local appeal has brought them a nation-wide audience. Max Miller, who carried the cockiness and the cheerful aggressiveness of the Cockney into the awesome regalia of the Command Performance and scored triumphantly; George Formby, who has bested bad screen material to become Britain's second box-office champion; Gordon Harker whose "Blimme!" and "Gord Luv a Duck!" bring something like cheers from an East End audience; Will Fyffe, immortaliser of the Glasgow working man; Gracie Fields of Lancashire; and even Jessie Matthews, whose mannerisms and speech are—in spite of an overlay of assiduous cultivation—essentially those of the Cockney.

Whilst dialect remains the essential speech of the North and the Midlands, London and surrounding areas are slowly losing their own speech-sounds and forms. In London, School and Radio force Cockney to give some ground, but occupational changes have an even more devastating effect. Children resist the efforts of the schoolmaster to cultivate their speech, but when the young boy or girl goes into a shop or into commercial life they are subject to the combined pressure of snobbery and environment. They are encouraged to ape the speech of the classes above them socially: they become "refaned" and their speech as thin as the modern beer brew. We might resent being called a nation of shopkeepers, but we are beginning to sound perilously like a nation of Kensington shop-walkers.

Mr. William Matthews has struck a learned and a vigorous blow for London speech in his book *Cockney Past and Present* (Routledge, 10*s*. 6*d*.). He not only gives Cockney the antiquity beloved of the philologist: he also shows us the speech in its true background as part of the life, work and play of London's people.

Most interesting is his treatment of the London Music-Hall as the essentially Cockney product. The Cockney, he declares, expressed himself most fully in the old music-hall, and its songs became inextricably woven into the texture of London speech.

Mr. Matthews traces the Music Hall from its earliest forms: from the old cellar shows and supper-room concerts, and the variety shows given at radical London's meeting place, the Old Rotunda Rooms; and the Grapes, Southwark, afterwards the Surrey Music Hall; through to the first music-hall, the Canterbury, opened in 1848; on to the boom days when there were some thirty or forty halls in London alone. Most impressive is the fact revealed in his account that the talent which made these music-halls supreme in the world of London entertainment was drawn mainly from the Cockneys. Actors from the legitimate stage, singers from the opera, artists of the old cellar and supper-room shows; these were insufficient to meet the needs of the growing number of halls; by competitions and "amateur nights" the talents of the poor were given opportunity to shine, and shine they did with a brilliance that still dazzles those whose memories reach back to the hey-day of music-hall.

It was inevitable that the supreme character study of these artists should be that of the Londoner himself. From the "Great Vance", through to Arthur Lloyd, to Albert Chevalier, Marie Lloyd, and Gus Elen—to name a few—the greatest triumphs were in representing the types of London life, faithfully and accurately. In showing the development of London speech, Mr. Matthews quotes many of the old music-hall songs. One of Gus Elen's most renowned was "The Golden Dustman". Gus Elen, who still wets a few eyes at occasional performances, was born in Pimlico, and came to the halls by way of singing in public houses. In appearance, build, speech, and mannerisms, he was closest to the Cockney type. Here is a verse of his song about the dustman.

Me and old Bill Smiff's bin Dust 'oys,
Allus work'd the same old rahnd;
Strange to say, we've struck a Klondyke,
And we've shar'd the welf we fahnd.
'Ow it 'appen'd, there's a miser,
Ud never let us shift 'is dust,
A Toosday night 'e died, and Wensday
Like two burglars in we bust;
Gets to work, and bless yer eyesight,
Oh, such welf yer never saw,
Apeneys, fardens, Lor, in fousands!
And to fink that last week I was poor!

Chorus

But nah I'm goin' to be a reg'lar toff,
A-ridin' in my carriage and a pair,
A top 'at on me 'ead and fevvers in my bed,
And call me-self the Dook o' Barnit Fair;
As-ter-ry-my-can rahnd the bottom o' my coat,
A Piccadilly winder in my eye;
Oh, fancy all the Dustmen a-shoutin' in my yer,
"Leave us in yer will before yer die."

Mr. Mathew's conclusions are :

"That the Cockney dialect will not long survive the common London music-hall, the costermonger's barrow, and the street-game. . . . Unlike the films the music-halls expressed the spirit of a great people; the costermonger's barrow compelled the Cockney housewife to use judgment, not merely to read the name on the packet; and the street game stimulated the Cockney urchin's imagination to a degree that the schoolmaster's exercises in self-expression have never attained."

Change is slow, even in the metropolis; most of London's manual workers still speak Cockney, and so do their children. The damage is not yet irreparable.

The job of commentary, in radio and in film, is to use the living, changing, turbulent stream of imagery that is the speech of the people, not to decry it, nor to strait-jacket it nor to aid its destruction.

FILM GUIDE

Shorts

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Puppets in Gaspar-colour).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Slatinay and George Pal.

BIRCHINGTON: Ritz	April 4, 3 days
DOWNHAM MARKET: Regent	April 7, 3 days
HARPURHEY: Princes	April 18, 3 days
HAWARTH: Bronte	April 28, 3 days
HEYWOOD: Picturedrome	April 25, 3 days
HOLYHEAD: Hippodrome	April 11, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Homer	April 21, 3 days
NORTH SEATON: Hippodrome	April 7, 3 days
SOUTHPORT: Queens	April 7, 3 days

Colourful Cairo (Travelogue).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

DARFIELD: Empire	April 28, 3 days
DUBLIN: Princess	April 25, 4 days

Cover to Cover (Documentary of book production).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Strand Films.
DIRECTION: Alexander Shaw

HOLYHEAD: Hippodrome	April 11, 3 days
PORTADOWN: Picture House	April 4, 3 days
SLIGO: Gaiety	April 28, 3 days
THURLES: Cinema	April 17, 4 days
CASHEL: Cinema	April 17, 4 days
SWALWELL: Cosy	April 7, 3 days

Islands of the Bounty.
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.

BALLINA: Astoria	April 16, 1 day
CARNFORTH: Roxy	April 15, 2 days
DENTON: Palace	April 28, 3 days
DUBLIN: Sandford	April 24, 3 days
HORSFORTH: Imperial	April 11, 3 days
HOUGHTON: Coliseum	April 21, 3 days
NEWBURGH: Public Hall	April 2, 1 day
NEWTON: Metro	April 18, 3 days
NORTH SEATON: Hippodrome	April 7, 3 days
RHYL: Odeon	April 11, 6 days
SOUTHPORT: Queens	April 25, 3 days
WITTON PARK: Kinema	April 22, 2 days

Insect Oddities (A nature study).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Cedric Mallabey.

BATH: News Theatre	April 18, 3 days
HYTHE: Grove	April 4, 3 days
SKIPTON: Odeon	April 21, 3 days
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA: Kursaal	April 7, 3 days

Lancashire Lakeland (Scenic beauties of Lakeland).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Pennine Films Ltd.

CAMBERLEY, Arcade	April 11, 3 days
DERBY: Hippodrome	April 11, 6 days
FARNHAM: Regal	April 25, 3 days
FOLKESTONE: Astoria	April 25, 6 days
FINCHLEY: New Bohemia	April 25, 6 days
FARNBOROUGH: Scala	April 4, 3 days
HYTHE: Grove	April 14, 3 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Strand	April 14, 3 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Piccadilly	April 14, 3 days
LEEDS: Tatler	April 4, 6 days
MANCHESTER: Tatler	April 4, 6 days
PLYMOUTH: Regent	April 25, 6 days
READING: Vaudeville	April 4, 6 days
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA: Kursaal	April 21, 3 days

Netherlands Old and New (Travelogue of Holland and the Island of Curacao).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Cedric Mallabey.

BOURNEMOUTH: Premier News	April 11, 6 days
WEST KIRBY: Tudor	April 7, 3 days

Night Mail (Documentary of the northward trip of the postal special).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Basil Wright, Harry Watt.

CARLOW. I.F.S.: Palace	April 20, 2 days
OXFORD: Scala	April 28, 3 days
TOTTINGTON: Palace	April 14, 3 days
TOWYN: Cinema	April 25, 3 days
WHALEY BRIDGE: Princes	April 21, 3 days

FILMS
at the
TATLER THEATRE
Charing Cross Road

April 4	*The King's Breakfast* (Silhouette film by Lotte Reiniger)
	Lake Como (Coronel Films)
	Mid Rock and Ice (Colmore Films)
	Roads to Records (Strength and Beauty Series)
April 11	Easter Disney Cartoon season (1st week)
	Family Fitness (Strength and Beauty series)
April 18	Easter Disney Cartoon season (2nd week)
April 25	Easter Disney Cartoon season (3rd week)
	Healthy Holidays (Strength and Beauty series)

People in the Parks.
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Strand Films.
DIRECTION: Paul Burnford.

BATLEY: Victoria	April 21, 3 days
ECCLESFIELD: Cinema	April 7, 3 days
GOSFORTH: Royalty	April 21, 3 days
HOLMFIRTH: Valley	April 18, 3 days
KNOWLE: Picture House	April 10, 1 day
LITTLEBORO: Queens	April 18, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Casino	April 25, 6 days
NORTHALLERTON: Central	April 28, 3 days
PRAED STREET, W.: World News Theatre	April 14, 3 days

Secret Hiding Places (Priest holes to be found in English country houses).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
DIRECTION: Granville Squiers.

DALTON-IN-FURNESS: Roxy	April 14, 3 days
EAST GRINSTEAD: Radio Centre	April 4, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Smithtown Picture Playhouse	April 4, 3 days

Secrets of the Stars (Spotlight on British stages and studios).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Argyle British Productions Ltd.

BATH: News Theatre	April 4, 3 days
BRIDLINGTON: Lounge	April 21, 3 days
COVENTRY: Gaumont Palace	April 17, 1 day
CROUCH END: Hippodrome	April 25, 7 days
ST. LEONARDS: Kinema	April 4, 3 days
WORTHING: Rivoli	April 18, 6 days

Six-Thirty Collection (Documentary of the West End sorting office).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: John Grierson for G.P.O. Film Unit.
DIRECTION: Edgar Anstey.

WEST RIDING COUNTY INSTITUTIONS, SCALEBOR PARK:
Middleborough Sanatorium, Grassington Sanatorium — April 25, Showing Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday

Southward Ho! (A journey across Franz-Josef glacier).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: C. E. Hodges.

COSHAM: Carlton	April 17, 4 days
FALKIRK: Pavilion	April 25, 6 days
HOYLAKE: Kingsway	April 4, 3 days
LONDON: Eros, Piccadilly Circus	April 4, 3 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Charing X	April 11, 3 days
LONDON: News Theatre, Agar Street	April 11, 3 days
LEWES: Odeon	April 21, 3 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Leicester Sq.	April 25, 3 days
RHYL: Odeon	April 18, 6 days
SOUTHESA: Apollo	April 17, 7 days
WORTHING: Rivoli	April 4, 4 days
WHALLEY RANGE: Odeon	April 11, 3 days

Sunny Tessin (Survey of the Canton Tessin, Southern Switzerland).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.

CHESTER: Music Hall	April 25, 3 days
COSHAM: Carlton	April 10, 4 days
GLOSSOP: Empire	April 18, 3 days
GRINSBURY: Savoy	April 28, 3 days
HARBORNE: Picture House	April 21, 3 days
INVERGORDEN: Playhouse	April 15, 2 days
LIVERPOOL: Bedford, Walton	April 21, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Rivoli, Aigburth	April 14, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Corona	April 21, 3 days
RUSHOLME: Casino	April 14, 3 days
SALISBURY: Gaumont Palace	April 11, 6 days
SALTAIRE: Picture House	April 21, 3 days
SIDMOUTH: Grand	April 28, 3 days
SOUTHSEA: Gaiety	April 10, 7 days
STRATFORD-ON-AVON: Picture House	April 28, 3 days
TAIN: Picture House	April 11, 2 days
WINCHESTER: Royal	April 18, 6 days

This Other Eden (A trip down the river Eden, in Westmorland).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Pennine Films Ltd.

CAMBERLEY: Arcade	April 4, 3 days
COLCHESTER: Regal	April 11, 6 days
NOTTINGHAM: Ritz	April 11, 6 days
STAFFORD: Picture House	April 25, 3 days
STAINES: Majestic	April 14, 3 days

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Shorts (*Contd.*)

AMATEUR COMPETITIONS

First prize in the Scottish Youth Hostels competition was won by Messrs. Graham and Pettigrew, Coatbridge, Scotland, for their film *The Scottish Youth Hostel*. No other entry was of sufficiently high standard to justify a second prize award.

In connection with an Amateur films competition announced by the National Trust (7 Buckingham Place Gardens) in earlier editions of W.F.N., the committee have decided to offer a free copy of their films to the 1st, 2nd and 3rd prize-winners in the competition. As this can only apply to monochrome films, if any of the winning films should be in colour, the sum of three guineas will be awarded to any prize-winner submitting a coloured picture in lieu of a free copy of his or her film.

WEMBLEY: Capitol	April 4, 6 days
WEYBRIDGE: County	April 14, 3 days
WORTHING: Rivoli	April 25, 6 days
WINCHESTER: Royal	April 25, 3 days

To-day We Live (The depressed areas of Wales).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Strand Films.
DIRECTION: Ralph Bond and R. I. Grierson.

BOLLINGTON: Empire	April 7, 3 days
BURNAGE: Lido	April 18, 6 days
DENTON: Palace	April 7, 3 days
GOSFORTH: Royalty	April 21, 3 days
HEYWOOD: Picturedrome	April 25, 6 days
PRAED STREET, W.: World News Theatre	April 28, 4 days
SALE: Pyramid	April 25, 6 days
WATERLOO, LIVERPOOL: Winter Gardens	April 25, 3 days

Tropical Springtime (Travelogue on Costa Rica).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Cedric Mallabey.

CHESTER: Music Hall	April 4, 6 days
ELGIN: Playhouse	April 4, 6 days
FARNBOROUGH: Rex	April 18, 3 days
INVERNESS: Playhouse	April 14, 3 days
JERSEY: Forum	April 4, 6 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Strand	April 7, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Princes Park	April 7, 3 days
LIVERPOOL: Plaza	April 7, 3 days
LYDNEY: Picture House	April 21, 3 days
MORECAMBE: Tower	April 17, 1 day
SOUTHAMPTON: Regal	April 25, 6 days
SOUTHPORT: Palladium	April 10, 7 days
LONDON: Monseigneur, Charing X	April 28, 4 days
LIVERPOOL: Empress	April 28, 3 days
ENFIELD: Palace	April 28, 3 days

Way to the Sea (Documentary of the roads and railways from London to the coast).
DISTRIBUTION: A.B.F.D.
PRODUCTION: Strand Films.
DIRECTION: J. B. Holmes.

HARPURHEY: Princes	April 18, 3 days
KENDAL: Palladium	April 28, 3 days
KNOWLE: Picture House	April 10, 1 day
MACCLESFIELD: Regal	April 21, 3 days
NORTHALLERTON: Central	April 28, 3 days
STURMINSTER: Palace	April 13, 3 days
TISBURY: Palace	April 13, 3 days
MERE: Palace	April 13, 3 days
WEXFORD: Cinema	April 24, 1 day
WIGAN: Court	April 25, 6 days

Wheel and Woe (The evolution of the motor-car).
DISTRIBUTION: Kinograph.
PRODUCTION: Liberty.
DIRECTION: W. G. Duncalf.

BIRKENHEAD: Plaza	April 25, 3 days
CHORLEY: Theatre Royal	April 25, 3 days
HUCKNALL: Byron	April 18, 3 days
HOLBECK: Queens	April 11, 6 days
NORTHWICH: Pavilion	April 11, 6 days
RUNCORN: Empress	April 4, 3 days
ST. AUSTELL: Odeon	April 21, 3 days

Foreign Films

La Tendre Ennemie.
PRODUCTION: Max Ophul.
DIRECTION Ben Tata
STARRING: Simone Berriau. Catherine Fontenay Jaqueline Daix
LONDON: Studio One — Indefinitely

Mother (Russian).
DIRECTION: Pudovkin
STARRING: Nicholai Batalov Vera Baranovskaya
LONDON: Forum — Indefinitely (from April 3)

Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot.
PRODUCTION: C.F.C.
DIRECTION: Félix Gandéra
STARRING: Victor Francen Véra Korène
LONDON: Academy — Indefinitely

Nina Petrovna (French).
DIRECTION: V. Tourjansky
STARRING: Fernand Gravet Isa Miranda
LONDON: Curzon — Till end of April

The Oyster Princess (German).
PRODUCTION: Algassa Films, Berlin
DIRECTION: E. W. Emo
STARRING: Gusti Wolf Theo Lingen
LONDON: Berkeley — Following Troika

J'Accuse (French).
PRODUCTION: F.R.D.
DIRECTION: Abel Gance
STARRING: Victor Francen Line Noro
LONDON: Curzon — Following Nina Petrovna

Troika (French).
PRODUCTION: C.F.D.
DIRECTION: Jean Dreville
STARRING: Charles Vanel Jean Murat
LONDON: Berkeley — Indefinitely

RECORDING DOCUMENTARY FILMS

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RADIO SPEECH

A Criticism by George Audit

ONE of the jobs at the B.B.C. most envied outside and most despised inside is the announcer's. To millions of folk he *is* the B.B.C., introducing every item, sometimes playing a minor part in a performance, always present in the background; to these his voice sounds cultured, impartial and restrained—just like the corporation itself. To others he sounds characterless, indifferent, snobbish.

Actually ten hours from each day's programme time are devoted to talking of one sort or another, and of the speakers, the majority are practically indistinguishable from each other. To anyone who lives in London and has spent his formative years in public school and university this manner of speech may seem the most natural thing in the world. However a large majority of the B.B.C.'s listeners spend their lives in provincial towns and villages, and to these the B.B.C. voice is as strange as London itself.

Some years ago the B.B.C. very wisely decided that the pronunciation of their announcers was a matter for serious consideration, and so they set up a permanent committee which included the late Robert Bridges, Bernard Shaw, Forbes-Robertson, Lascelles Abercrombie, Logan Pearsall Smith, Daniel Jones, Dr. Onions, with Lloyd James, who is a specialist in phonetics, as secretary. Since this country has no Academy as France has, to discuss and decide such vital matters as our daily speech, the B.B.C.'s advisory committee should be welcomed, and its findings treated with respect.

The committee first published a list of words in common usage together with recommended pronunciations. Unfortunately the phonetic symbols used to represent the sounds are not enough in themselves. They cannot define the timbre or pitch of a human voice, and on this very subject Professor Lloyd James has some very interesting things to say.

In books and broadcast talks he has fulminated against the "clerical" voice. He pokes fun at the accent which renders "entahly" for entirely, "stend" for stand, "ovah" for over, and so on. These peculiarities, he says, have developed with the drawn-out intonations necessary in church services. It has not occurred to him that this manner of speech is to-day much more typical of his own announcers than of the average radio parson. For his ingenious explanation might be extended to show that the "clerical" voice derives from monastic influences which in turn have permeated the language of Winchester, Eton, Oxford and Cambridge.

Professor Lloyd James is fond of pointing out the difference between the "literary" and the "vernacular". As he says the vernacular is primary, it is the language of the road, the workshop and the home. It is living in the sense that it is constantly changing, taking on fresh associations and exploiting new forms. It is so infinitely varied in its sounds and meaning that it is quite impossible ever to set down on paper its adequate reflection. The literary or printed language, on the other hand, is practically dead. Half of its sumbols are not spoken at all and it is looked upon as a sacred heritage whose modern temple is erected in Printing House Square.

Caxton was not the real offender as even scholars sometimes make out. In his day, and for generations after, printers spelt words as they liked and as they thought they sounded. It is only during the last three hundred years that writing has solidified.

Radio is BREAKING THIS DOWN . . . . As B.B.C. producers | are daily DRUMMING into the HEADS of their SPEAKERS | it is quite USELESS to write down a talk or conversation | and then to read it out ALOUD. Broadcast SPEECH | must be conceived AS SOUND. To overcome the universal TENDENCY to | "READ ALOUD", | producers mark up their scripts with caps, horizontal lines, vertical divisions, etc., as I have just done. But such marking only touches the fringe of the problem.

The most successful speakers have been such people as C. H. Middleton the gardener, Christopher Stone, and the late Frank Nicolls who played the Harry Hopeful parts. All three speakers appear to talk casually, spontaneously, intimately, as though their words are a perfectly natural expression of what they are thinking about at the time. They despise literary effects. Their use of the vernacular gives an impression of sincerity; it convinces, which is proved by the fact that Mr. Stone can always get at least ten times more money from a charity appeal than any other speaker, however eminent.

Trained announcers and orators cannot compete with these favourites. In the early days when announcers were known personalities (through Children's Hour activities, etc.) and were allowed to talk more or less as they liked or felt they got far more attention from their listeners, and voices like Rex Palmer's, Cecil Lewis's and Burrows's are not forgotten even to-day. But as the B.B.C. got more important and felt more responsible, it forced anonymity on its announcers and encouraged a uniform, disinterested delivery. I know there are some good reasons for this change but it has had the effect of encouraging the very affectations of speech that Professor Lloyd James condemns.

It is impossible to be impartial over this question of speech. The B.B.C. voice is an ironed out version of an accent associated with the public school and senior university. Its written counterpart is a *Times* leader. Few of us with that sort of background are conscious that it is just as "local" (in the sense that it is generated in only certain places and belongs primarily to certain occupations) as the dialect of a North Sea fisherman or a Welsh miner.

The Oxford voice (there are 70 Oxford men to 46 Cambridge at the B.B.C.) is not standard English. It is about as sensible to talk of standard English as to discuss a "standard" cheese. Language like cheese has a local habitation.

In my opinion the B.B.C. must recruit announcers who have outgrown their school voices; who can reflect culture and character without sounding snobbish. They must be commentators rather than readers. Local stations should have men with local accents.

The same argument applies to speakers in programmes. Harry Hopeful has shown that you can make the best programme about Lancashire out of Lancashire voices. Oxford men can speak for themselves, but not for anybody else. The film by John Grierson and Stuart Legg on the B.B.C. was an excellent illustration of this point. This documentary method has already spread to B.B.C. features, and it is to be hoped that as its full implications are realised we shall hear a lot more of the English language, the language of the street, the pub and the fireside.

Gerald Cock, Director of Television, writes on Fees

In the February issue of *World Film News* your contributor, George Audit, reviews television, with particular reference to some of its financial aspects. The second paragraph contains serious mis-statements of fact. He states: "That only allows for two hours transmitting a day and fees that are mere tokens. You have to be *some* celebrity to get more than a guinea for a show." Had your contributor troubled to inquire, he would have discovered that fees for television performances average approximately two-thirds of those paid for an equivalent in sound broadcasting. Sums from as low as one to three guineas are only paid as "expense fees" in a topical feature entitled "Picture Page", equivalent to sound's "In Town To-night." Both programmes normally consist of two to three minute interviews and not performances. Even in "Picture Page" when there is a performance by an artist it is remunerated accordingly. Fees as high as £60 can scarcely be regarded in the light of tokens outside the world of film production.

You will not wish to add to the constant flow of inaccurate legends concerning B.B.C. fees, which unfortunately may be believed by the public here and quoted by newspapers abroad.

George Audit says: Mr. Cock gives the game away when he admits that Television fees average only two-thirds of those for equivalent radio shows. The B.B.C.'s fees are so low that many of the best artists (such as Robeson and Gracie Fields) are quite out of reach. An actor in a radio performance gets five guineas for a show with often as many as five rehearsals. I call that a "token" payment.

ANNOUNCING

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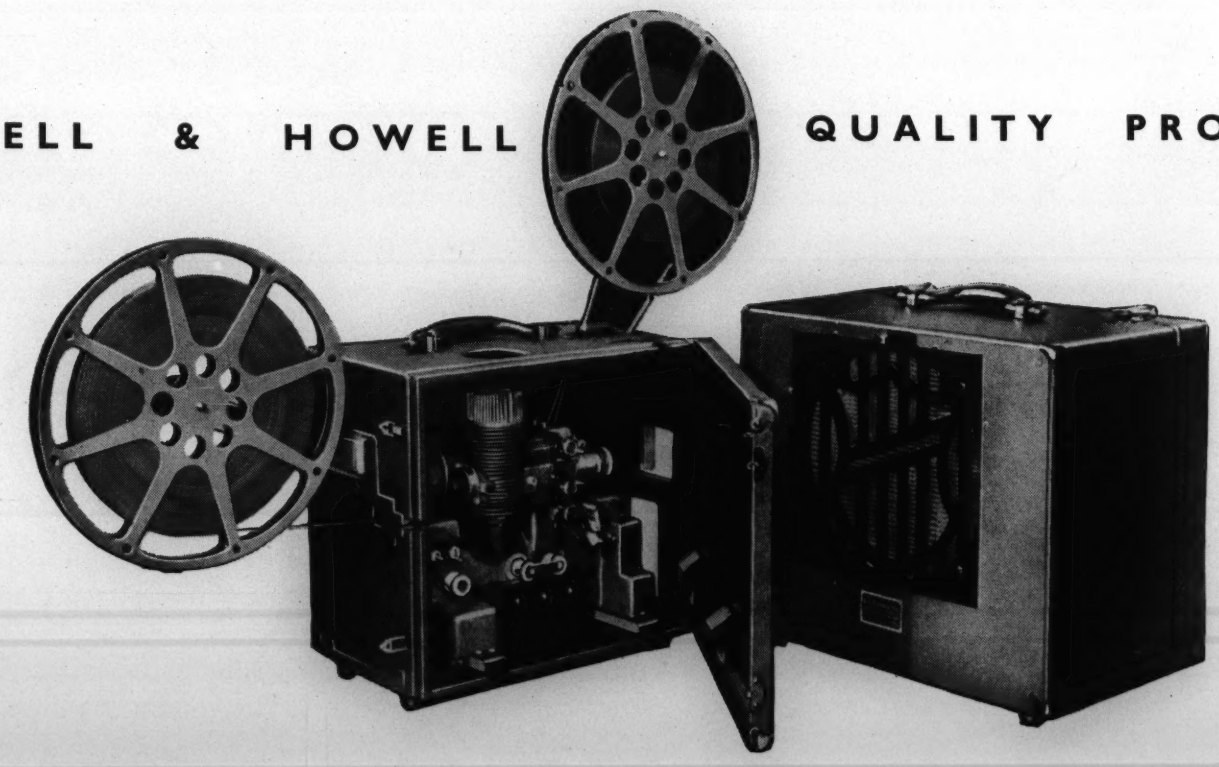

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